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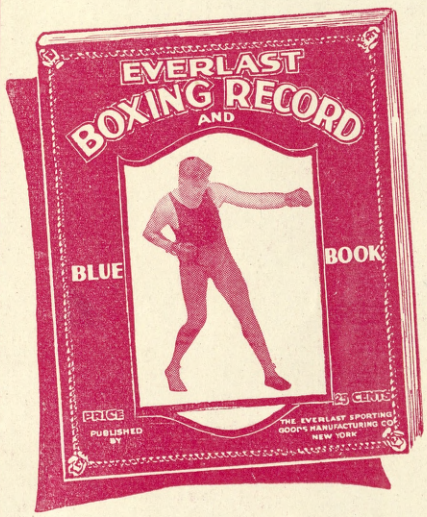

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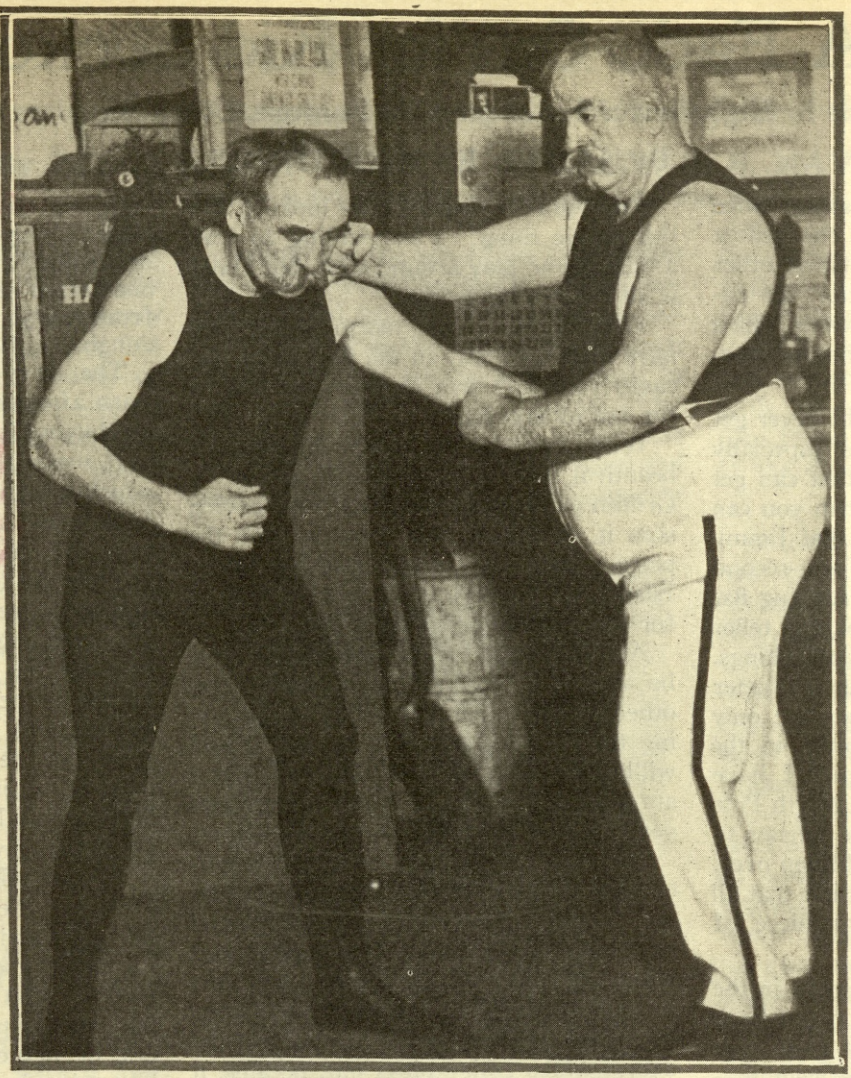

Jake Kilrain (left) letting John L. Sullivan show him the blow that started Jake on the road to defeat in their 75-round bout at Richburg, Va., July 8, 1889

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
A Fade Out for Kid Socko—By James K. McGuinness	4
Now You Tell One—By Lieut. "Heinie" Miller	5
Value of Infighting—By Spike Webb	6
Jack Dempsey's Moose Hunt—By Bill McNulty	7
Jim Corbett Recalls Knockouts—By G. A. Falzer	8
The Spring of Eternal Youth—By James K. McGuiness	9
When Gridiron Warriors Were Trained to Box—By Arthur Shaw	10
Frank Klaus's Visit to Insane Asylum—By Al Carson	12
Sam Fitzpatrick—By Joe Vila	13
History of Boxing—By Nat Fleischer	14
Boxing Directory	16
Muldoon Victim of Strangle Hold—By Vernon Van Ness	19
Shadows of the Past—Owen Moran—By Frank E. Coultry	20
Minute Rests Between Rounds—By Eddie Borden	21
Results of Boxing Bouts	31

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A Fade-Out for Kid Socko

Eighth of a Series on This Famous Character

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

LIGHTNING may not strike twice in the same place, as the fellow says, but there is plenty of other things that will; a bill collector for example, or a labor union, or a dame which figures that she needs some clothes—particularly the latter.

My motto is that you should never get writer's cramp signing checks, especially when there is a lot of guys that can get to the bank with one faster than you can phone. I used to think once that Jimmy Johnston could make from Forty-second street to Brooklyn Bridge in nothing flat if he could beat you to the paying teller with one of those "to order of" things, and I have seen Dan Morgan do better than that occasionally, but they are only amateurs compared to the birds in the movies. Some of the chappies I have met lately could start from the North Pole with a money order and get to Panama to have it cashed before you could hop over, say from Colon, and tell the bank that all bets is off on that particular piece of burglary.

I'll grant you that there is guys in the fight game which can take a nickel back from a subway featherweight gate—like Johnny Kilbane they is featherweights—but a movie con man, if he is working right, could get a transfer from a Fifth avenue bus to a Rolls-Royce and not even pay his thin dime to the conductor of the Sinn Fein line.

How I get into this movie graft is old stuff now. You will remember that sweet-an-pretty which I meet in England while being in variety with Young Marvelle, my lightweight star, and which I agree to star in the foolish films. Her name is Daisy Dainty and it still is, but it ain't going to be long, on account of her agreeing to take me for butter or for buckwheat cakes, until debt do us part. But that is getting ahead of my story, as the second-story worker says when he finds himself on the third floor.

Well, I get back to the States, and I am here to tell all and sun-dried that I am glad to do same, even if they do close the bar on us when I am down to my last six quarts of Scotch. And, in course, Daisy is on the same ship, although naturally she is under heavy chaperonage and not with me when the bar closes, on account of her not taking anything except maybe a quart of champagne on raw occasions.

So as soon as we are all fixed up by the customs and I have picked my last clean shirt off the floor of the dock, we get away from there in a texas cab.

And the next day we start looking into this movie thing. I am willing to wait a minute and play around a bit, but Daisy is all for getting going.

Well, friends, my motto is let 'em have their own way in the first place, because you can't win anyway and what's the use of arguing.

Well, friends, we find ourselves a beautiful studio, which is not in use by Griffith on account of his not ever having seen it, otherwise he is sure to grab the place. It is in the suburbs of Staten Island and a fine joint it turns out to be for movies.

And then there is a few other trifles to be attended to, like for instance hiring other actors to act in the film we are going to make. Daisy is a game kid and willing to do all the work herself, but I am forced to save her from herself and get a few more dames for the big show.

I admit here that I am a bit handicapped in my endeavors because of her not liking my choices, me being partial to blondes which can wear a bathing suit without insulting a man's intelligence, and Daisy figuring just the opposite. In the end we compromise by taking on the dames which Daisy picks out, because it seems that blondes don't register well in the best pictures, although not having much difficulty in other places.

That is all right, however, and we finally get ourselves a plaster of paris cast, with not less than a half dozen Rodolph Valentinos, which I pay heavy dough for making eyes at Daisy.

My motto is that I can make all the eyes at my dame which she should need, but it seems that I am overruled on the proposition, on account of art having its own way of figuring things.

In course this is all costing me plenty and enough. Every time a guy sneezes there is a new check to be written and the way the sneezes come around this studio, which we have named the Daisy Dainty Pictures Company, after my sweet-an-pretty, you would think that they must have all been standing in a draft on the corner of Eskimo avenue and Crocker's Land street.

All that we need by this time is a plot for the picture, which is called a scenario, and a guy comes along and sells me a bird for only one grand, when I hear that the real good ones often set the buyer back anywheres from five to twenty grand per each, cash dough.

The story is a pip, too, and what I learn afterwards shows that I am no sap for buying it.

It seems that they is a dame in Spain which is a snappy broad about a cigarette factory and she is admitted by one and all to be the class of the joint.

Well, she has a sap which falls for her and he is a sergeant in the police reserves, or something like that, and for a long time she has him doing some heavy following in her tracks, taking her to the movies and one thing and another to show that he is a good guy and will do what he can just as soon as Mrs. Sergeant in the Police Reserves will listen to reason about that divorce.

Well, it takes too long to tell the most of it, but they is some big scenes and a bull fight and one thing and another, and the dame goes and gets herself another sweetie, who is not so much, although a big guy in Spain, being one of their boxers, or fighters, or something like that. Then they is a duel between the two guys which is stuck on this broad and all through they is enough action to make one of Douglas Fairbanks' pictures look like a series of art poses.

Naturally, this strikes me as a good buy and I am all het about my luck with it, which is certainly like having an oil well in your backyard, the way I figure.

My motto is if you got a good thing don't let it get too ripe or the Board of Health may grab it, so we get right to work.

Well, friends, finally we get it done and I am about done at the same time. All I have left is six hundred green certificates

(*Continued on page* 11)

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"Now *You* Tell One!"

Being a series of freak ring experiences gathered in all parts of the Globe

By LIEUTENANT "HEINIE" MILLER, U. S. NAVY
Former Feather and Lightweight Champion of the Far East

BASEBALL follows the flag," is a true saying. It is equally true to say that the Queensberry game follows the flag. Wherever Old Glory whips in the breeze, sooner or later—and most likely sooner—you'll hear the tinkle of the gong and the "thud-thud" of the mitts as man's primitive combative impulse expresses itself. When the boxing game finds its way into quarters where it is comparatively unknown, some very funny things happen. It is a peculiar fact that the Navy carries the fight game to the frontiers where the w. k. Marquis of Queensbury makes his initial bow. Of the funny things that happen in the line of ring comedy we would fain recite a few. Pull the bell!

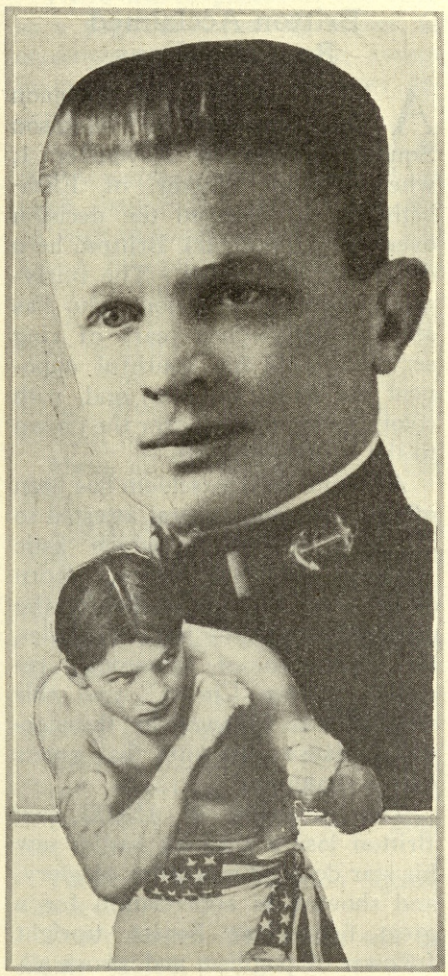
In 1897 boxing was new in France. The Frenchmen still fought "savate" style, using both the feet and the hands. But boxing was coming on. So the U. S. S. *Lancaster* pulled into Villefranche, France and, surprise of surprises, Paddy Collins, tough, ready fighting champ of the ship, receives a challenge to do battle with a local French pug. A French boxer! Never heard of such a thing in those old days! But Paddy would fight anything from a buzz saw to a canary and in due time the bout was arranged.

When the Frenchman entered the ring it was evident that he had gotten his fight game mixed up with theatricals. He wore a satin pair of trunks, a gaudy blue, white and red belt. His lips and cheeks were rouged like the hero in the first act and behind him sat his second combing the battler's hair with two military hair brushes. Collins took one look at the Frenchman, turned on his heel, and walked out. "Sure and I haven't the heart to hit him," murmured Paddy, "I thought it was a foight ye' wanted me for."

* * * * *

Scene shifts ahead to 1908 and Hongkong, China, where the boxing bouts were held right in the City Hall. The contestants are Monsieur LeConte, "savate" expert and Jimmy O'Rourke, sailor on the U. S. gunboat *Wilmington*. This lad O'Rourke is a tough turkey, having been alternately a Northwest Mounted policeman, a Marine, a member of the San Francisco police force and then a sailor.

Jimmy was the son of an Irish father and a Siwash Indian mother. At fourteen he had been a runner for an Indian tribe up in the Pacific Northwest. Withal Jimmy was a mean baby to shave in any man's league. The Hongkong bout was to determine whether "savate," the French hand and foot method of fighting, was superior



Lieut. Heinie Miller, former Navy flyweight champion and editor of "The Navy." "Heinie" has done much for the development of athletics in the Navy.

to the American style. The ringsiders as well as O'Rourke supposed that the Frenchman's kicks would be straight out in front like a football player kicks a ball. When the gong rang the French champ skipped from his corner, feinted with his left hand, swung on his left heel and allowed his right heel to buckle under O'Rourke's ear.

The latter catapulted to the canvas while a cute parade of purple alligators marched by. About "seven" he came to and again moved into action. Again the Frenchman let drive with that whirling foot. This time Jimmy caught the foot in mid-air, held it aloft with his left, reached over and whammed the froggie on the chin with his right and school was out in Gay Paree while the dull dismal drone of the doleful decimal did its stuff.

* * * * *

In order to tell of another funny one with an international tinge it is necessary to skip to the first person singular. Back in 1909 the Japanese were holding some sort of a business festival in Manila, the city being draped with American and Japanese flags and all that sort of thing. The Japanese committee called upon the commander of the American Fleet to send over the smallest boxer available to match the American ring method against Japanese jiu-jitsu. "Yours truly" was chosen. The bout was to be two falls or knockdowns out of three. The Jap was to wear a sort of jiu-jitsu shirt while the American was to wear gloves. The Jap was not allowed to hit but all jiu-jitsu holds were permitted. The American was not allowed to wrestle or hold but all clean blows were permitted.

The gong rang. Quicker'n you can say "Sap," the Jap grabbed ye scribe by the right arm, twisted and pitched us on our ear in a neutral corner some fifteen feet away. One fall for the Jap. After we got the resin well out of our ear we arose only to find the little brown brother right on top of us again. But this time we beat him to it with a sweet right hand, inside and up. The little rascal only weighed 98 pounds while we displaced some 124 at that time. So we take no credit for the fact that the gent from Tokio folded his tent like an Arab and silently stole out of the ring. He forfeited the third trip to the canvas, explaining that he did not expect to get hit, being under the impression that the gloves were only used as a handicap for the difference in weight.

* * * * *

Another international one involves "Bum" Walker, crack Navy lightweight. This takes place in Shanghai, China, in 1907. The American ships had just made some new friends in the

(*Continued on page* 12)

Value of Infighting and Its Place in Boxing

This is the third article in the series on boxing from an instructor's point of view

By SPIKE WEBB

U. S. Naval Academy Boxing Instructor and Athletic Director

THE boxer will find that a certain amount of infighting is extremely useful. Some of the most efficient punches are landed when boxers are battling away at close range. It is equally important for the boxer to know how to protect himself when fighting at close range. Much care must be exercised for the risks are numerous. Personally I believe the most dangerous of these risks is the possibility of being hit with either a left or right handed uppercut.

The best method of getting into close range is by crouching well forward, and then stepping in after having ducked or slipped a lead or hook. Most boxers, especially if they do not like infighting, will attempt to retreat in order to resume their fighting guard. In this case, follow step for step, keeping all the while close up to him. It is best when fighting at close range to keep the head well to the right side and close to the opponent's left shoulder, as this protects against right hand punches.

The first blow that the boxer should attempt to deliver at close range is a right hand hook to the body. This can be executed by raising the left arm to guard the face and body as the blow is delivered. Immediately after the right hand hook lands, shift the head and body to the right side and deliver a left hand hook to the body. As the shift gets under way, raise the right arm to guard the face and body. These two punches delivered with extreme rapidity, one after the other, causes the opponent to lower his hands, thus giving an excellent opportunity to change the attack to the jaw.

If the opponent excels in this style of boxing, all this would, of course, become more difficult and dangerous. It is then up to the boxer himself to decide whether it will be best for him to continue boxing at close range, or to resume long range boxing.

Methods of Defense

There are not less than six methods of defense. The first method is the stop by countering. The second method is the retreat, which is a less telling manoeuvre. The third method is ducking, a rather dangerous but highly effective device. The fourth method is sidestepping. The fifth method is blocking with hand, forearm or shoulder, while the sixth method is slipping to left or right. Slipping in combination with cross-counters works well.

Feinting

Feinting plays an important part in the science of boxing. It often draws the opponent off his guard and places him in a position where he cannot protect himself. There are many ways of feinting. The eyes, hands, feet, head, and body are used to deceive the opponent. Good footwork aids feinting. The rapid change of position of the feet combined with false leads to face or body keeps the opponent guessing as to where the attack is intended to be launched.

Clinching

There is a certain value in clinching which the boxer should know. At times the boxer finds himself open to attack at close range after his blow has been blocked or evaded. It is well when in such a position to throw the arms around those of the opponent, thus pinning them until the referee gives the command to break. When the command is given to break, draw the hands gradually along the opponent's arms, pressing them firmly until the moment comes to spring back into fighting attitude.

Relaxing

The boxer must learn the knack of relaxing, as this is a big factor while boxing. Never stand with the legs too far apart, as it will not only lessen speed but will strain the muscles and eventually cause them to become tired and weary. Keep stepping about while boxing, relaxing the arms and legs when out of hitting distance. Never strain a muscle unless absolutely necessary.

Generalship

Conditions constantly arise in boxing, which the boxer has never experienced before. In such cases he has no time to lose; his brain must act instantly. The ability to get out of a bad ring predicament or to keep the opponent from escaping from one by keen thinking is good generalship. The boxer should study the expression of the opponent's face and be able to recognize instantly the slightest sign of nervousness. If there is any sign of weakness he must be quick to discover it and to direct his blows in a way that will prove most effective. Do not become excited when the opponent is groggy or when hurt by a punch but box with care.

Never let a chance go by and give as few as possible. On the other hand, try to keep any sign of pain or weariness from appearing in the face or action while boxing. The art of avoiding punishment without surrendering any advantage is the highest form of ring generalship.

Crowned in Defeat; Britton Acclaimed By 15,000 Fans

A NEW welterweight champion was crowned in Madison Square Garden on November 1, when Mickey Walker, of Elizabeth, N. J., received the decision over the veteran Jack Britton, hero of almost 500 battles. The thirty-seven-year-old champion, who has seen almost twenty years of ring service, found his youthful opponent too much for him, and, with colors flying, handed over the crown to the young Jerseyite.

A tribute such as seldom has been offered any ring general attested to the high esteem in which fistic followers hold Jack Britton. Shorn of his title, Britton, called to the center of the ring by Joe Humphries, the clarion-voiced announcer, received "Three Cheers," and this acclaim was followed by thunderous applause—the kind that greets only a champion.

The gathering of 15,000 saw Britton lose a thrilling battle, saw his star descend in a blaze of glory, and showed its appreciation for a great fighter, an honest, upright follower of pugilism and, above all, one of the finest gentlemen that ever graced a roped arena. It was a glowing tribute—one that Jack will ever remember, even if he never again dons the mitts.

Britton lost the crown as he would have desired — through a decision. No money could buy that title from Jack, so much did he honor it. The welterweight title to Britton was something he cherished, and to defend it, he fought until he almost dropped from exhaustion.

In the ring and as a private citizen Gentleman Jack Britton is a credit to the game that has brought him fame and fortune!

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The first number of the *Australian-American Ring* has just appeared. American advertisers of THE RING, without further cost to them, get the benefit of a free insertion of their United States advertisement in the Australian issue, which appears simultaneously with the American number. You can't go wrong. Advertise in THE RING.

Jack Dempsey's Moose Hunt in Canada

By BILL McNULTY

IT was only through a kind fate that a change in holders of the well-known heavyweight title was not effected when William Harrison Dempsey visited our Canadian wilderness to seek the elusive moose.

Dempsey went into the woods near Havelock, New Brunswick, on the line of the Canadian National Railways between St. John and Moncton, leaving the main line at the little village of Petitocdiac. With Dempsey were Bob Edgren, the far-famed sports writer and boxing expert; Walter Hinds, of Portland, Me., a wealthy manufacturer; Al Currier, Dr. H. Pierce, also of Portland; Jerry Levardes, Jack's valet, and Joe Dempsey, the champ's brother.

Dempsey and his party went into the woods back of Havelock, a small town. The first day out, hibernating at a hunting camp in the spruce and cedar wilderness of the north country, nothing that resembled a moose or deer was seen. Some tracks were espied the second day, and Dempsey tore off the moose call he had been practicing in New York City at the expense of guests in the Belmont Hotel. Strange to relate, the moose did not appear and invite a shot from the champ's expensive and high-powered rifle he had purchased in New York City.

On the fourth day, Dempsey perceived some fresh moose tracks and started still tracking. It was his first moose hunting offence, and he can be pardoned for some defects in hunting technique. The moose heard his approach through the woods and started to disappear in the opposite direction. However, other members of the party appeared and the moose found that avenue of exit blocked. The moose, a bull, retraced his steps and virtually ran into Dempsey.

The heavyweight leader sent three bullets into the big bull moose, and then rushed forward to grapple with the animal. He thought there was no strength remaining in the moose, but in that he was mistaken, for the bull shook Dempsey away as if he had been an infant, and tried to gore him.

Fortunately for Dempsey, he was thrown some feet away and the moose could not reach him before he regained his feet. Another bullet was sent into the moose and the bull staggered and fell in the paroxysm of death. Dempsey's clothes were torn, and his hands scratched but he suffered no serious injuries.

Had Dempsey been tossed by the moose within reach of the antlers he would have received wounds that would have caused death or at least have caused him to cease his ring activities.

The following day the Dempsey party left the woods, with Dempsey toting thrice as much luggage as anybody in the party. On the way he met a boy of about fifteen smoking a cigarette. The champion gave the youngster a lecture the boy will not soon forget. He reprimanded the lad in a fatherly way and pointed out the evils of cigarette smoking before maturity, referring particularly to the menace to the lungs.

When a stream was encountered, the champ would seize his brother who had been ill before taking the trip, and would carry him across the water. Jack was also averse to Joe overexerting himself.

The Dempsey moosehead was worth acquiring but it nearly cost Dempsey his life. But experience teaches and Jack will not underestimate the strength of the next bull moose he becomes acquainted with.

The Holiday Number of The Ring, a highly interesting, magnificently illustrated edition, will be almost double the size of this issue.

A feature in this edition will be half page and full page photographs of America's greatest and leading boxers. We are publishing this at the request of managers who seek the right kind of publicity for their boys.

There will be photos of two boys to a page with reading matter to accompany the photographs except in cases where managers have ordered more photos.

This costly issue will consist of 40,000 copies, which will cost us more than $2,000 and we will sell ½ page to boxers at the rate of $40 and a full page for $75. Special rates for this issue only.

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Jim Corbett Recalls Knockouts in Famous Fights

Former champion describes last rounds of his ring battles with Sullivan, Mitchell, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries

By G. A. FALZER
Sporting Editor, Newark Call

JIM CORBETT, one-time heavyweight champion pugilist of the world, recently engaged in a fanning bee on old-time fights in which he figured. Seeing Gentleman Jim today it is hard to realize he has passed the fifty-six-year mark, and even more difficult to contemplate that this suave and dapper personage once held the throne now occupied by Jack Dempsey—fought his way to the championship in days when fighters were fighters and the pugilistic ranks bristled with tough opposition.

"Tell us, Jim," said the writer, "tell us about the last rounds in your four principal battles—how you knocked out Sullivan and Mitchell and how in turn you were salted away by Fitzsimmons and Jeffries."

"Now you're biting off a mouthful," replied Corbett with a smile. "But let's take up those fights in turn.

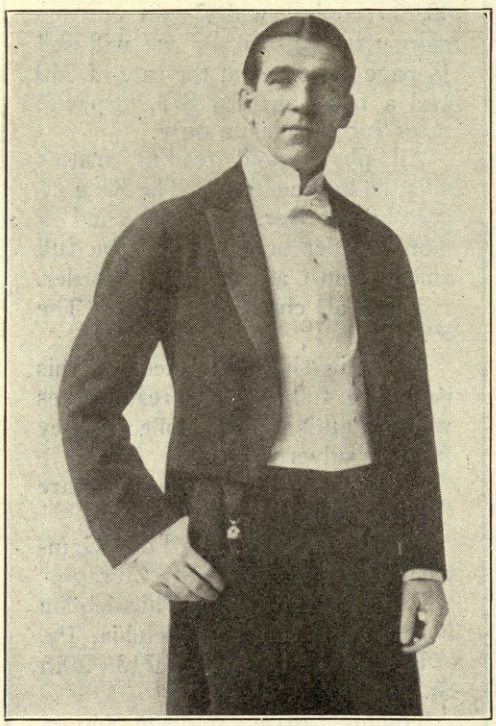
"The Sullivan fight—you're talking, of course, about the time I won the championship from big John L. You see, we clashed once before in a four-round exhibition after I had acquired a bit of fame by stepping sixty-one rounds with Peter Jackson. The outcome of that exhibition tilt convinced me that I had Sullivan's number. He couldn't reach me with his bull rushes, and I figured with youth entirely on my side I could get him in a long fight. The chance came in 1892, when we met at New Orleans.

"Any one fighting Sullivan, as you may remember, was supposed to be frightened stiff as soon as John L. rushed out of his corner. I could tell you how I got Sullivan's nanny by pretending to pay no heed to him at all as we took our corners in the ring, laughing and chatting with ringsiders while the gloves were being strapped on John, and how he became infuriated more and more as I sidestepped his rushes throughout the fight, causing his best efforts to go for naught. But you wanted to hear about the last round.

End of Sullivan Fight

"It was the twenty-first round. I was still fresh and strong, while the wear of the fight had begun to tell on Sullivan. Even then, of course, any one of his sledge-hammer blows might have meant curtains for me had they landed, but when John L. swung I wasn't there, and meantime I kept pecking and jabbing him into a state of exhaustion.

"In that twenty-first round I landed five crashing blows to Sullivan's jaw. He was a tough one, as other fighters had learned, but after the fifth blow in that round I could see his eyes were rolling and the great John L. was beginning to totter. Then I knew I had him. Measuring him carefully as I steadied myself for the finishing blow I put all I had in a right-hand punch flush to the jaw. That was the crusher. Old John didn't flop.



James J. Corbett, former world's heavyweight champion, as he appears on the stage.

He just sagged to his knees and then slowly keeled over.

"Even then the crowd couldn't realize that this was the end; that John L. Sullivan, who had battered down a hundred opponents, had finally been beaten into submission. They expected the old champion to regain his feet with each passing second, but the old pitcher had gone to the well once too often. While he was still groping about the canvas, shaking his head to regain his bearings and struggling to get on his feet, John Duffy, the referee, counted him out. And so I became the champion, though deep down in my heart I had a feeling of sympathy for the battered hulk that had passed out.

Mitchell Stopped in Third

"My first important bout in defending my title came about two years later. Charlie Mitchell, the little Englishman, had fought Sullivan to a draw in a thirty-nine-round battle at Chantilly, France. The pugilistic world now set up a clamor for a fight between Mitchell and the new champion, meaning myself. We were matched in 1894 at Jacksonville.

"The fight ended in the third round, although the second really paved the way to the finish. At the close of the second round Mitchell was staggering. I thought I had him then and was about to shoot over the finishing blow when the bell was tapped. As I turned to go to my corner Mitchell, either too dazed or paying no attention to the gong, rushed at me from the rear and hit me behind the ear. Somewhat infuriated I turned, and we were pelting one another between the rounds until the seconds finally tore us apart. Mitchell was still weak as he responded to the bell for the third round. Just one more blow was struck. I caught him in the body with a terrific right-hand smash. The English champion turned ashen, straightened up for a moment and then fell flat upon his face. That was the end of the Mitchell fight.

Lost Title to Fitzsimmons

"Then; let's see," drawled Corbett, "you mentioned the Fitzsimmons fight. Man, you bring up the dog-gondest subjects. Why don't you talk about something cheery?" Gentleman Jim added with a grin. "About the Fitz fight. We were brought together at Carson City on St. Patrick's Day, 1897. There being a bit of Irish in me the date seemed to be a good omen for me. As for regarding Fitz as a dangerous opponent — well, though I respected his man-killing punch, having avoided Sullivan's crushers and beaten him into submission, I figured on disposing of the Cornishman as well.

"Everything was lovely for thirteen rounds. Fitz was pretty well cut up during that time. The finish came in the fourteenth. Fitz let go a right-hand swing that might have floored a mule if it had connected. I stepped aside and could almost feel the breeze as the glove swished by. Then I made the mistake of my life. I had sidestepped the right,

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Spring of Eternal Youth

Ponce de Leon Would End His Search in Madison Square Garden

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

OUTSIDE the first grey of dusk was speeding over Madison Square Park. A faint flurry of snow, hesitant, almost imperceptible, eddied about the square where once O. Henry sat on a bench—probably, judging from their condition, one of the same benches that still stand in dingy green along the walks—and watched the ebb and flow of the life of the city.

In the huge office buildings that fringe the square, glows of pink squares told of electric light switched on in those beehives of commerce.

Madison Square Garden, itself, was steeped in a growing shadow, save where daintily perched Diana still was outlined against the lingering brightness of the upper air. The covered street, under its Moorish canopy of stone, was gloomier in contrast with the faint glow of the newly-lit street lamps.

Upstairs in the Garden, where once the Four Hundred gathered to hear some noted European diva, or to participate in some revel of those days, the old concert hall had been changed into a gymnasium. There we were bound.

The place was busy with a new energy. Everywhere was life, throbbing, bustling; the fine movement of manhood in perfection working towards some desired end.

Mac Levy, the genial conductor of the gym, met us as we passed beyond the railing into the gymnasium itself.

"Who's here," we asked, briefly, after the usual exchange of greetings.

"Jack Britton and Mickey Walker," he began, naming the welterweight king that was and the monarch that had just been crowned.

"There's Mike O'Dowd over there, working harder than I've ever seen him before. He's in great shape, too. He tells me he is ready to try a comeback, and, if condition will do it, he's there."

We glanced in the direction indicated. There was Mike, in person as the movies have it. He was snorting, puffing, blowing. But he was whaling away at the heavy sandbag in the manner of the boxer in perfect shape. The same old belligerent, aggressive Mike, taking it out on the ungainly bulk that swung slowly under his assault, in lieu of a more lively if less imperturbable opponent.

"And there's Jack Johnson over there watching the boys." The genial Mac Levy pointed, although it was an unnecessary indication. The old champion of the heavies, somewhat corpulent of waist, but for all that a healthy, husky-looking specimen, was regarding some of the younger generation with an air of amused interest. Every so often he ventured a comment.

"Those boys suah are missin' sumpin'," he informed no one in particular. "They ain't nohow got the right idea 'bout boxin'."

Thus do the oldsters always talk, although it must be admitted that Johnson was one of those who have some right to criticise ungainly exhibitions. In his prime he was the apex of indolent perfection in the ring. He never could be touched.

The former champion moved over to some preliminary boy, a nice, clean-cut youngster with an engaging smile, who was doing some shadow boxing.

"Look hyeah, boy," he murmured. "Ah want to impress one thing on youah mind. When you want to stop a man from hittin' you, just draw him off his balance. Watch him, see, an' when you see that he's gettin' ready to shoot, jes' step back a foot or two. Then he has to set all over again. He ain't never goin' to hurt you if you keep doin' that an' you kin worry him to death, until youah ready to let one go yo'self."

"Yes, boy," concluded the big colored man, "they ain't never goan hurt you if they don't hit you. Jes' remember that, an' when you know how to do it, remember Jack Johnson tol' you."

Then Johnson stepped back with a deprecating smile. He has grown strangely modest of late years. No longer does he seek the limelight. His advice to the young boxer was given quietly, for Jack desires to remain in the background. He does not train at Mac Levy's, by the way, and his visits there are casual. Sometimes he drops in for a moment to see the boys work, but he is not exactly urged to get into action himself. Mac Levy preserves a certain atmosphere, and while gymnasiums are never exclusive, still they are by no means not inclined to be select. Not his, anyway.

There were groups playing handball, against the huge backboards at the east end of the gym. There were others struggling with the weights, pulling on the handles, letting go, all in the rhythmic timing of modern training.

In the ring two men were at it, hammer and tongs. Others were shadow boxing about the floor. Mike O'Dowd left off his work against the sand bag and someone else succeeded him.

But many present had none of the earmarks, or other markings, of the boxer.

"Those men are not fighters, are they," Mac Levy was asked.

"No! Of course not!" he responded. "What gave you that idea?"

"Thought this was a training headquarters," was the mumbled reply.

"It is," the proprietor agreed, "but boxers are not the only ones who keep in training these days. More business men do than anyone else. That group of men is composed of silk merchants with offices in this neighborhood. They drop in here every day for a half-hour's workout before they go home.

"'A workout a day keeps the doctor away,'" he quoted.

We glanced again at the group. The men were having a whale of a time in a handball game. They were sweating, grunting, heaving, but their shouts were cries of exuberance.

"How come?" we asked, desiring further enlightment.

"Well, every one seems to be a business man these days, even boxers," Mac Levy informed us, catching the import of our query.

"The fighters come here to get into condition for their work. The business men want to keep in trim for theirs.

"In the older days business men might have kept away from a gym like this. They would have left the boxers to their own, but then boxers never had a gym like this then. Conditions have changed. The tone of the ring game has been elevated, as has the calibre of men engaged in the sport.

"A business man comes here and gets the inspiration to work. He sees these fellows at it industriously, paying no attention to anyone but themselves and laboring assiduously to keep fit.

"He may have tried the gym stuff before, but he knows that when he wants to knock off he does. And most of the time he does not take the amount of exercise he needs. Now he sees champions at their stuff and he sees how long they keep it up. So he is a bit ashamed to quit too soon himself. Consequently he soon finds himself in better shape physically and then he realizes the value of mild training."

It surely looked that way. Groups of business men came and went. They seemed much more numerous than the boxers. In time we came to believe that they were. So we strolled over again to the sanctum into which the presiding genius of the place had disappeared.

"Don't seem to have so many boxers around after all," we commented.

(*Continued on page* 12)

When Gridiron Warriors Were Trained to Box

Talented Comedian Recalls Days at Harvard

By ARTHUR SHAW

Star of The Torch Bearers and son of Mary Shaw, ranked among America's greatest actresses

RECENTLY while sitting at the ringside at Boyle's Thirty Acres watching Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler thump each other in one of the greatest lightweight battles of the past decade, the writer was brought back to the days when as a student at Harvard he went through several thrilling ring experiences. The crash of the fists as they landed first on Tendler and then on Leonard, the clever counters, the marvelous generalship and the wonderful gauge of distance, recalled vividly the many days spent in the company of Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, one of the greatest lightweights who graced the roped arena.

When playing quarterback on the varsity team at Harvard, the head coach decided that all the backfield men (meaning the halfbacks, fullback and quarterback) should take boxing lessons. The coach had figured that boxing would help the footwork of the backs, and also improve their co-ordination of movement.

In fact, most all members of the squad were taking boxing lessons with the different boxing instructors in town. The big guards and tackles were instructed by Steve O'Donnell. Steve, who in his prime fought John L. Sullivan, was a very clever heavyweight boxer.

The backfield men, comprising the fullbacks, halfbacks and quarterbacks, were instructed by a former lightweight, an ex-champion of New England.

When the head coach asked me if I had any particular preference as to an instructor, I told him I would prefer some aged former flyweight, someone who had not attained championship.

The head coach smiled and the next day I received a letter from Ike Weir, known as the "Belfast Spider." Ike in his day had been a most courageous and sensational featherweight champion. He was a very much scarred and battle-worn looking individual, but a very natty dresser, and very much the gentleman. Weir informed yours truly he had been appointed my instructor and he wasted no time after introducing himself.

The first lesson over, Ike politely acknowledged I seemed fairly intelligent. I thanked him, but was not elated, as he did not seem impressed when I informed him I had passed my recent examinations with an average of 86%. He was then informed that I was an honor man in Botany, and had passed with a mark of 96%, but Ike looked dubious and an explanation was necessary to the effect that Botany was the study of flowers, etc.

"Picking violets won't get you anything in this game, kid," Weir remarked. "You may be an American beauty in the class-room, but you're a wild flower here."

I admitted I did seem to swing a bit

Arthur Shaw, who was as good an athlete as he is an actor. Shaw stood ace high as a boxer and gridiron warrior at Harvard.

wild, at which Ike declared that my right swing was a "merry-go-round."

In the first few lessons, Ike would talk to me on the different theories of defense, and then put on the gloves and started in punching me.

"Why don't you let me just practice a few leads and blocks?" I pleaded.

"You're used to such roughhouse tactics on the gridiron, that it seems silly to see you standing still just jabbing and blocking a little," replied Weir.

"Well," I replied, "I thought I was to be instructed in boxing. You're not being paid to make a punching bag out of me."

Ike tried to calm me by saying I was learning gradually, but I informed him that I was only learning how good a boxer he was, and that I knew that before I started. Whereupon Ike answered with one of his characteristic metaphors:

"I'll die of old age before you are ever a boxer, kid."

Then seeing that I was a bit surprised, he added:

"But I'll say one thing for you, you have a natural right swing. A great wallop, kid. You get everything into it from your toes up, but that's all. Just a great blow and a prayer. Just start your wallop, and pray that you get it over."

"I think I'll use, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" I replied. It seemed to me a most appropriate prayer for a boxer.

A few lessons after this prayer discussion, Ike was punching me around the room rather unnecessarily, I thought. A few flat-chested physical culture faddists were enjoying my discomfiture to a hilarious degree.

Somehow, I suddenly uncorked this natural right swing of mine, caught Ike flush on the chin and away he went sailing across the room. He landed all huddled up in the corner.

He arose grinning sheepishly, and as he gained his feet I began "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Ike laughed, shook hands, patted me on the back and then started in to instruct me very carefully in the gauge of distance, blocking, and all the little finer points of the game.

Several weeks elapsed and then Ike began to be really interested. My arms were rather short, but it seemed that I was a good two-handed puncher, and a pretty fair infighter. And my football experience made it possible for me to stand quite a lot of punishment.

You've got to have fighting instinct to play football. This Ike knew and we became real pals.

Ike was my instructor for quite a while. We had many interesting bouts, and Ike pitted me against some of the local aspirants for pugilistic honors. I seemed to do fairly well and had the respect of the other students of the "manly art," especially when I got my natural wallop over, and didn't forget to pray.

I managed to get several blows in my repertoire, but I still adhered to the same prayer, "Now I lay me," etc.

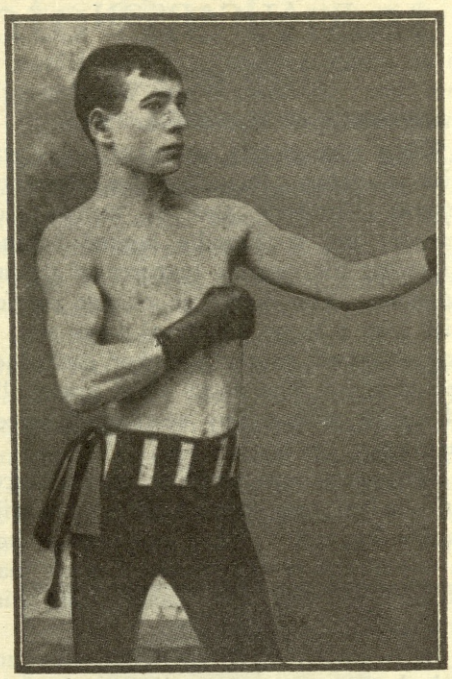
At the close of the following football season Ike invited several of the football squad to a little dinner, in celebration of the victory at our big game. All of the guests were pupils of Ike's, and the dinner was a home affair, the caterer being an aunt of Ike's.

After dinner there was a small theatre party. Going home with Ike after the theatre, and nearing his house, which was near Bowdin Square in the west end, our party was accosted by three rather tough characters. It seems the neighborhood had its feuds and political intrigues, as all such environments have in large cities. The three "gentlemen" in question had some sort of grudge against Ike. There were no preliminaries. The main bout started immediately.

The largest one of the three musketeers started operations with Ike. The other two rowdies, both about my weight began to sort of kid me, with intimations that they were boxers.

"Don' get all mussed up, sweetie," said one. "Just take a ringside seat and see Ike get his," said the other.

Ike weighed about 130, while the big bruiser weighed at least 180, and was a tough-looking proposition. Ike had much of his former agility and cleverness and stood the big fellow off for a few minutes. Weir slipped on the edge of the curb and the big tough got close to him. I immediately stepped up, and with my newly acquired gauge of distance I let my one good wallop go. It landed right on the chin, and Mr. Rowdy went down.



IKE WEIR

I then turned to the other two spectators, who seeing Ike and myself ready started a sprint towards Bowdin Square. We lost them in the crowd, and besides neither of us cared to continue unnecessary hostilities so near Ike's home.

As I said good-night to Ike, I remarked:

"Well, Ike, I got my one blow over that time without the prayer."

Ike grinned and replied: "No you didn't, kid, I was saying a 'Hail Mary' for you myself."

Ike laughed and continued, "The blow is there, kid, but as I said before, there must be a prayer with it, even if you don't say it yourself."

We laughed as Ike continued, "Art, with your wallop and my prayer, they can't beat us. Must get to bed kid, I'm going to Mass at 5." And with this we parted.

Ike was a great fighter and a great teacher of boxing.

Corbett Discusses Greatest Battles

(*Continued from page* 8)

but didn't avoid the second part of the maneuvre. As Fitz missed his right he swung back with his left, a blow that caught me in the pit of the body. It knocked the wind clear out of me and down I went.

"I wasn't what you'd call clearly out. I could see Fitz crouched over me. I could hear the crowd shouting frantically. I was clearly aware of the referee counting. Still I couldn't get up. The count reached 'ten' and the sporting world proclaimed a new champion. Under the rules I had suffered my first knockout. Later on I was to realize what a real knockout meant — in the fight with Jeffries—but that's another story. The finishing blow that Fitzsimmons struck was nothing more than a left hook to the body. A high-brow physician, expressing a professional opinion, declared that Fitz had hit me in the solar plexus; and ever since the punch has been given the high-fallutin' name, the solar plexus blow.

First Fight With Jeffries

"As the pugilistic world knows, Fitzsimmons lost the championship the first time he defended his title. He beat me in 1897. The next time he stepped into the ring, in 1899, he was knocked out by Jim Jeffries in eleven rounds. I believed with all confidence that I could take Jeffries and win back the championship. Why, when the match was made for May 11, 1900, at the old Coney Island Sporting Club I was so certain of winning that I made all preparations for a long theatrical tour.

"Old-timers have reason to recall what happened in that fight. The lumbering Jeffries was like a babe in my hands. I hit him almost at will for twenty-two rounds, while Jeff's repeated lunges were entirely harmless. Three more rounds—it was to be a twenty-five-round fight—and the referee would have no alternative but to award the fight to me. The gong rang for the twenty-third round. Jeff was an object of pity. His face was puffed from the many blows he stopped. It's a wonder he was able to see. I kept dancing around him, jabbing at will and easily sidestepping the big fellow's rushes until . . . the rest was blank to me. They tell me I had backed up to the ropes. As I rebounded Jeff let go a right-hand punch that caught me flush on the jaw. This time I was out—clear out. I didn't know another thing until they told me that the fight was over, that Jeff had caught me in the twenty-third and that the championship still rested with the boilermaker.

"You can imagine my disappointment. It seemed just a chance happening to run into a knockout punch after I had pecked the champion to pieces for twenty-two rounds. Still it couldn't have been a fluke, for after I had stopped Kid McCoy in five rounds at Madison Square Garden I tackled Jeffries again in 1903 at Frisco, and again the boilermaker rocked me to sleep, this time in ten rounds. After that I decided to hang up my gloves, a sensible move, no doubt, for I retired from the game while I was still in the prime of life.

A Fade-out for Kid Socko

(*Continued from page* 4)

and a few decks of cigarettes which I buy one day while I am still flush.

However, I am not worrying, on account of I am able to arrange to show our great thrilling super-feature, "Hey! Cabbie!" with Daisy Dainty in the stellar role, to the biggest exhibitor in the Big Town.

He comes down to our studio himself, in person, to see the showing and all the time he is about as noisy as a pair of felt slippers.

When the picture is all done, he says to me as follows:

"Have you ever been to the opera, Mr. Socko?"

I answer him, as follows:

"No! The music always hurts my ears."

"I suggest that you go to a production called 'Carmen,'" says he, and then departs.

Well, friends, naturally I go and see this "Carmen" thing, and what have they done but make my "Hey! Cabbie!" into an opera. Everything is just the same, only they is no good looking dames in this thing and they makes an awful noise about everything they do.

Well, friends, of course I can't let my picture go when they have put over such highway robbery, so I have to discharge my company and for the time being I am no longer in moving pictures, but I am going to get my lawyer to sue the Metropolitan Opera Company for stealing the plot I pay heavy dough for, and when I collect the damages I will be right back in there again.

Frank Klaus' Visit to Insane Asylum

By AL CARSON

SOME folks are said to be cuckoo about boxing, but few realize that there are many persons actually mentally sick who maintain a sane interest in the manly art. The late Father Tom Lawless, who died from the effects of being gassed overseas, was chaplain of the New Jersey State Asylum in Essex County. He had many experiences which, if they weren't sad, would be funny.

Not many months ago a man known to be opposed to boxing visited the asylum. A patient suffering from a mild form of insanity was detailed to show him about the institution. He was an admirer of boxing and recognized the visitor as a reformer. Nevertheless, he showed the visitor about courteously. When the visit was concluded and they reached the gate, the guide shook hands pleasantly and said: "This is so you'll remember me." And with that he booted the visitor in a tender spot, sending him, coat-tails flying, into the road.

Practically everyone, it is said, no matter how courageous ordinarily, is afraid of a lunatic. When confronted by a maniac, few men retain their nerve.

In this connection Father Lawless used to repeat the story of a visit paid to an insane asylum by Frank Klaus, at the time he claimed the middleweight championship of the world.

Klaus was greatly interested. He was with a group, including his manager, several handlers and a number of friends, and continually lagged behind, observing the various features of the institution. The doctor in charge carried with him a large bunch of keys and, it was observed, carefully locked each door behind him. The doors were practically all double with a tiny vestibule between each pair.

The party was ambling along peacefully when they were aroused by wild shouts for help. Klaus had been locked in one of the vestibules and a crazy man jumped on him and was beating him unmercifully.

In a few seconds the door was unlocked. Klaus was standing against the wall and the man, shouting wildly, was punching him at will.

Klaus had his arms over his face and was truly frightened. He couldn't talk, and when the lunatic had been ordered away the claimant to the world's championship wiped the perspiration from his face and said: "Golly, that bird won the world's championship to-day."

Hours later, when the party was eating, Klaus suddenly jumped from the table and said he saw the lunatic peeping into the window and grinning at him.

That finished the day for the champion. He left the institution and never stopped running until he reached his hotel.

The next day, when Klaus was about to enter his training quarters, he gave a shout when he saw a young, well developed man coming toward him.

This fellow introduced himself as an attendant at the asylum and explained that he had impersonated a crazy man and attacked Klaus to furnish entertainment for the visitors.

"But, man," he was asked, "didn't you know Klaus was a champion? And weren't you afraid of taking chances on one of his swings?"

"No," he said. "People always are afraid of a lunatic and never try to fight him. When a man is up against an insane man all he thinks about is getting away. He will not fight back."

Klaus, of course, was relieved after hearing this. Nevertheless, and until this day, he could not be dragged into an insane asylum by a team of horses.

Spring of Eternal Youth

(*Continued from page 9*)

"Haven't we," he asked, grimly. "Well I'll tell you who was here today."

Then he reeled off a list of stars, of which the following is a fractional part: Jack Britton, Harvey Bright, Willie Beecher, Frankie Genero, Pancho Villa, Elino Flores, Wee Wee Spencer, Pewee Kaiser, Mike O'Dowd, Jack Stark, Charley McKenna, Farmer Sullivan, Al Brown, Terry Martin, Pepper Martin, Willie Bradley, Mickey Walker, Charley White, Charley Picker, Italian Jack Herman, Andy Thomas, Floyd Johnson, Hilly Levine, Willie Doyle, Willie Pheiffer, Danny Edwards, Le Roy Powell, Eddie Fitzsimmons, Tom Gibbons, Midget Smith, Harry Wills, Danny Lee, Angie Ratner and Harry Greb.

"Hum!" we grunted, and strolled out into the deeper gloom that had fallen over Madison Square Park while we were within.

"Have to start doing some work," said we to ourself. "Have to start—tomorrow!"

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Now You Tell One

(*Continued from page 5*)

German Navy while up the river on joint patrol duty. When the ships returned to Shanghai a boxing match was arranged between Walker, the American, and a British Marine.

The Germans knew absolutely nothing about the ring game but because they had just become acquainted with the Yankees several Dutchmen were at the ringside, including one who had particularly adopted "Bum" Walker. Walker called him "Julius" and he thought Walker was about "it." The fight began. The Yankee was well out in front and the Germans rooted strong for Walker. Just about that time the Britisher started one from the linoleum, sapped "Bum" right on the point, and Walker made a trip to the canvas. Julius clambered through the ropes and made a swipe and a kick at the British boxer. Walker lost it on a foul for that reason. Far be it from Julius to see his newly acquired friend beat up. ("Pour yourselluf anooder shtein bier!")

Here's another one for the book. Back in 1915 Chicago Jack White boxed Sailor Heinie Orchard at Tia Juana, Mexico, in a bout that was to go 45 rounds. Orchard was the toughest little baby in the world. White hit him with everything but the club's license but Orchard came right on with body blows galore. Heinie's seconds, who happened to be Steve Haddon and "yours truly," relieved each other for lunch.

This was in a very hot afternoon sun in Mexico during the piping month of August. All hands were sun blistered and roasting hot. White's seconds put cracked ice on his head between rounds. Orchard wouldn't even take a drink of water. We begged him to take a drink. We tried to force him to take a drink. His tongue and lips were parched and black. Between the 38th and 39th rounds Haddon begged Orchard, "Please take a drink, Heinie, your tongue is swelling out of your mouth." "I'm not thirsty," replied the sailor, "but I'm kind-o hungry. Could you get me a ham sandwich or some salted peanuts before the next round." Orchard knocked White out in the 43rd round. What can you do with a guy who wants salted peanuts between rounds.

(*To be continued*)

Sam Fitzpatrick, Great Boxing Character Passes Into the Great "Beyond"

By JOE VILA
Sporting Editor of N. Y. Sun

THERE passed away recently in Post Graduate Hospital in New York City one of the great characters of modern fistiana. The man was Sam Fitzpatrick, who devoted his life to the boxing game and the turf.

Fitzpatrick, mild mannered and unassuming, was not a man one would connect with doings in the prize ring. Yet he once figured as chief second in at least two of the bloodiest battles ever seen in this country, when George (Kid) Lavigne, lightweight champion of the world, defeated Joe Walcott, the Giant Killer, and Jack Everhardt of Philadelphia.

Oldtimers who saw those terrific glove fights will tell you that Lavigne's victory in each instance was largely due to Fitzpatrick's masterly handling. Lavigne was literally cut to pieces in both scraps. Walcott, with tremendous right hand swings, almost deprived the Kid of his left ear in one of the early rounds when they met at the Empire Athletic Club of Maspeth, L. I., in December, 1895.

Although Lavigne's ear actually dangled against his thick neck, Fitzpatrick, between rounds, partially stopped the torrent of gore with an alum stick and applied short strips of adhesive plaster which Walcott continually knocked off with his heavy punches.

Sam's words of encouragement and his persistent commands to go after the Giant Killer's bread basket really won the fight for Lavigne, who obeyed his handler's instructions to the letter, until in the fourteenth and fifteenth rounds he had Walcott on the verge of a knockout and finally won the decision of Referee Tim Hurst.

It was Fitzpatrick's method of driving Lavigne at top speed, regardless of injuries, that knocked out Everhardt in the twenty-fourth round at the Bohemian Sporting Club, Amsterdam avenue and Eighty-first street, in 1896. Both of Lavigne's eyes were practically closed after fifteen rounds. His nose was broken and his lips were slashed, but Fitzpatrick, cleverly patching up the Kid's bruises, made him stick to his task until Everhardt was flattened with a deadly smash on the point of the jaw.

Fitzpatrick, born in Australia, came here with the great Peter Jackson, then heavyweight champion of the Antipodes, in 1888. Sam was something of a boxer himself, but soon he became Jackson's chief second. He was in the Australian negro's corner when he boxed the memorable sixty-one round draw with Jim Corbett at San Francisco in 1891, but Peter and Sam parted company a year later, when the negro went to England to fight Frank P. Slavin, a fellow countryman, who was put to sleep in the tenth round.

Taking hold of Lavigne's affairs in 1894, Fitzpatrick's was the Kid's mentor until the latter lost the lightweight title to Frank Erne on a twenty-round decision in Buffalo in 1899. After the downfall of Lavigne, caused by dissipation over which Fitzpatrick constantly grieved, the race tracks occupied most of the noted hand-

Sam Fitzpatrick, whose death is mourned by lovers of fistic sport

ler's time, and on several occasions he enjoyed unusual good fortune. But he never could forget the excitement of the ring.

So in 1908 Fitzpatrick hooked up with the notorious Jack Johnson as his manager and unfolded a plan which, he insisted, would enable them to divide a fortune. Tommy Burns, French-Canadian, then was the heavy-weight champion of the world, although little more than a good second rater. It was Fitzpatrick's idea to send Johnson after Burns as soon as Sam Langford, Boston's Tar Baby, had been eliminated as a contender.

The race tracks had put a crimp in Fitzpatrick's bank roll when he decided to take Johnson first to England for a battle with Langford and then to Australia for the purpose of cornering Burns. For many years Sam had lived at the Hoffman House, of which the head clerk, John Peacock, was one of his warmest admirers. Peacock gladly advanced the money for the trip to England, where Johnson whipped two setups in quick fashion.

Eager to match Johnson with Langford, the National Sporting Club of London offered a tempting jurse, but Johnson, remembering his experience with the Tar Baby at Chelsea, Mass., in 1906, induced Fitzpatrick to take him to Australia. On his promise to bring Johnson back for a battle with Langford after defeating Burns, Fitzpatrick negotiated another loan from the National Sporting Club, which paid for their transportation to Sydney, N. S. W.

When Johnson and Fitzpatrick arrived in Australia in December, 1908, Burns was a reigning sensation. He had knocked out Bill Squires and Bill Lang, the former in thirteen rounds at Sydney and the latter in six at Melbourne. At first Burns didn't hanker for a scrap with "Lil' Arthur," but Fitzpatrick's eloquence finally prevailed and the match was arranged. When they entered the huge stadium Johnson was a foot taller and nearly forty pounds heavier than the champion. A crowd of 20,000 persons saw Burns punched into a state of helplessness, the police coming to his rescue by stopping the one sided mill in the fourteenth round.

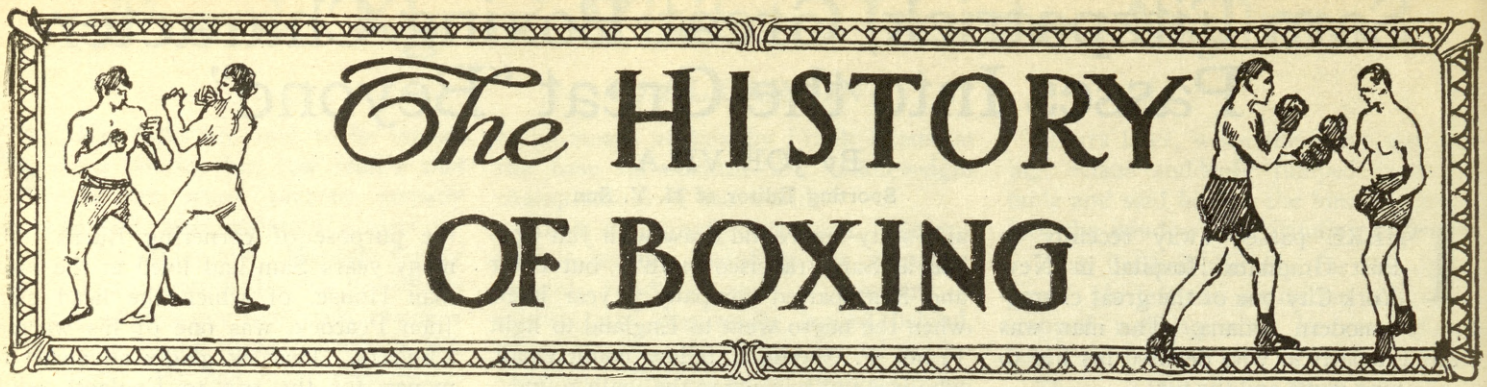
Proclaimed champion of the world, Johnson instantly became a dictator. He waived Fitzpatrick aside and collected his share of the spoils from the club's manager. Then "Lil' Arthur" told the man who had befriended and supported him for more than a year to paddle his own canoe.

"I don't need no manager no more!" said Johnson. "I'se the champion and I want all the coin!"

Johnson, as soon as he learned of his old manager's illness, hurried to Fitzpatrick's bedside a few days before Sam's death and asked to be forgiven. They hadn't spoken a word since Johnson ran out in Australia fourteen years ago, but Sam, with a faint smile, shook hands and quietly remarked:

"Jack, it's all right now!"

Three days later the man who practically introduced Australian boxers to America passed away. In his loss the boxing world lost a great character.



Gully, a Man of Dignity, Member of Parliament and One of the Outstanding Heroes of Early English Boxing

This is the Tenth of a Series on the History of Boxing

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By NAT FLEISCHER

THOSE years were the most important, the most fruitful of my career." So declared John Gully, then eighty, wealthy, respected, an esteemed politician, sportsman, as he spent his last days at Ware Park, Hertfordshire, still proud that he had been England's champion.

John Gully's tenure of the British championship was one of the greatest in the epochs of pugilism, not so much because of the fights that he participated in as to the amount of dignity he lent the game. Gully, then poverty stricken, unknown, unbelieved, brought from a debtor's cell to face Hen Pearce, "The Game Chicken," stepped into the pages of pugilistic history only to rise and rise, beyond its limitations to become a coal baron, a sportsman and a member of the British Parliament and to rise, also, to the very crest of society, honored and esteemed.

Gully was a man six feet in height, described as handsome, cheery, patient and kindly, a gentleman in and out of the ring, and a master craftsman at his profession. His father had been a butcher. Gully for a time had followed in the steps of his father, had been reared in that two-fisted community of Bristol where faith in man was upheld only by man's ability with his fists—a hard, cruel, but courage-making environment out of which only the strong emerged.

Learned Boxing in Prison

What irony of fate it was that at this juncture of his life when, imprisoned for a debt, he languished in his cell only to find his comforter was none other than Pearce and that Pearce it should be who would teach him the art of fighting—in fact Pearce it should be who would give him his first fight and thus pave the way for the ascent

John Gully

of Gully to the throne of pugilistica. Yet such transpired, after Pearce, broken in health, but victor in his last fight, retired and practically bequeathed the title to Gully.

Apparently none cared to question Gully's right, especially having seen him in his memorable—though losing—fight with Pearce at Pearce's best. Two years passed after the retirement of Pearce before anyone challenged Gully's right to the championship crown. By 1807 Gully was conceded the title by the press. He had fought Pearce in October, 1805.

In this period he lived a clean life. He boxed regularly and when finally he did enter the ring, this time as the "defender," he had acquired all the science of the game, combining it with terrific hitting ability and courage of heart that won for him the highest praise from every sportsman in the country. In fact, he was the idol of the aristocratic followers of boxing of the period, and into the fiction of the day, and of past days, too, his character was written.

Won Crown in 1807

Not until Oct. 14, 1807, however, did Gully step into the ring as the wearer of the crown. His opponent then was Bob Gregson, a giant, but an unscientific boxer. He was of Lancashire and between Lancashire and Bristol there was the greatest of rivalry, not to say enmity. Gregson outweighed Gully and had a distinct advantage in reach, nor was he lacking in animal courage, as we shall see.

Things were agreeably arranged, and the followers of the men were anxious for the bout. Gully, too, it appears, was anxious. He reckoned the size of his opponent, and planned carefully his battle. The bout took place at Six Mile Bottom, a place off Newmarket Road, ideal for the occasion, affording plenty of room for a large audience, and freedom for the boxers.

It was a gala occasion, this joust, bringing forth crowds from miles around. Both men appeared in fine shape, Gully with a smile upon his lips, his proud and handsome head held

high, his spirits higher, came first to the spot, accompanied by Tom Cribb and Copley. It was then a bit after 9 o'clock. The sun was warm, but there was a tang of autumn in the air. A few minutes later in marched Harry Lee and Bill Richmond, Gregson's mentor, and Gregson himself. Gregson was in fine spirits, as it transpired when he greeted his opponent, but his feelings were hidden behind a calm, unsmiling face.

While the crowd gathered, wagering at six to four on Gully, talking, making merry, but tense and impatient, onto the scene walked Billy Ware and John Jackson. And their presence, it afterwards came to pass, had been occasioned by the rumor that the fight would be interrupted by spectators and, as they themselves put it, they had come to take such measures as "might have been necessary in such an eventuality." And perhaps, too, through their own sheer love of battle and the probability, though it was vague, that they might have a chance to exert their art on the occasion. But they remained to be mere spectators, though they stood close by the ring.

Fought Terrific Battle

In the annals of boxing there are few sterner fights recorded. The ring was a shambles when finally the men left, Gully the winner, after thirty-six rounds of terrific battling that ebbed and flowed in favor of first one boxer and then the other. It was such a fight as veteran sportsmen at the ringside had never seen before. And even these calloused spectators were moved, some to tears, others to curses, as the two men fought back and forth, doggedly, courageously.

Early in the fight Gully drew blood, his friends wagered higher stakes on him, then in the seventh round he was floored, felled like a poled ox, seemingly knocked out. But though he lay still for a moment after striking the ground, he rose suddenly and resumed the battle. Gregson was inspired by his success and summoning all his strength threw Gully but would not fall upon him. Applause for this and then greater applause as Gully rose, struck a straight blow to Gregson's mouth, and then knelt down, while the crowd jeered this. Gregson became the favorite. It was generally conceded that Gully could win only through his superior science. And as things turned out this was true.

His science gradually came to his aid. The giant Gregson was more battered than Gully, though both were terribly beaten. In the thirty-sixth round neither man could more than totter but Gully, avoiding one of Gregson's superhuman lunges, struck a solid blow to the body and Gregson toppled over, nor could he rise, and thus ended this great fight.

But the valiant Gregson wanted more and Gully was not averse to a return engagement. Writing in formal fashion a challenge, Gregson offered to post 200 pounds and arrange the match, and forthwith Gully accepted, but asked that the stake be made 250 pounds and finally this was agreed upon.

Three "Umpires" in Ring

It was more than passing interest to note that in the "conditions of battle" three "umpires" were agreed upon, and thus may we trace the form now in use here of having a referee and two judges.

Bob Gregson

The bout was not staged without great effort. The scene, near Woburn, was selected but became known to the police and the latter threatened to stop the affair. In fact, the Marquis of Buckingham, the high police official and representative for the crown in this territory, gave public warning that he would prevent the fight, but as it came to pass he failed in his effort, though not before causing great commotion among the patrons of the bout who had flocked from all sections in great hordes, to witness the melee.

The men fought in a forty-foot roped arena, before one of the largest crowds that had up to that time attended a boxing bout in England. It was Gully's final battle. He defeated Gregson, who, in the twenty-eighth round, after an hour and fifteen minutes of fighting, was unable to toe the mark. It was another fine bout in which again Gully demonstrated that science could overmaster strength.

This fight had been attended in great numbers by the nobility. The scenes on the Saturday and Sunday before the fight (it was held on Monday afternoon) were riotous indeed. Woburn and surrounding hamlets were packed with wayfarers and accommodations were at a premium, reminding one of today a good deal of the conditions that surround our modern sporting events, especially championship bouts such as the Dempsey-Carpentier meeting, and the world's series.

An Early Retirement

Having again disposed of Gregson, Gully reiterated his desire to retire. He had become the owner of a tavern in Carey street, London, whence he intended to take himself. He made a speech from the ring, saying he wished to retire and hoping that Gregson would not ask for another match.

"I accepted his challenge in this instance," declared Gully, "only because I felt in honor bound to do so. I hope he will not force me to another match."

Gregson did not demand a return match. Rather it became apparent that with the retirement of Gully the title rested between Gregson and Tom Cribb, who, in the meantime, had been coming rapidly to the fore, and Gregson was eventually matched with Cribb for a purse of 500 pounds.

Gully thus was but twenty-five years of age when he retired. He had a keen sense of observation, a quick intellect and prospered in his tavern business, finally branching out to become the owner of several collieries and by then possessed of a comfortable fortune he bought a stable of horses, became a breeder and finally purchased War Park, Hertfordshire, and in due time climbed the social ladder in the county, rising to the crest. Through his personal qualifications he became a leading spirit in the community.

In 1832 he became a member of Parliament for Pontefract, in the first reformed Parliament. He raised a family of five sons and five daughters. Death occurred on March 9, 1863.

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Muldoon Victim of First Strangle Hold Used in Wrestling—Famous Bout with Whistler Recalled

By VERNON VAN NESS

MUCH has been written about every champion of the ring and his ability. Fans still compare John L. Sullivan with Jack Dempsey, Joe Gans with Benny Leonard and so on down the line. Boxing has been prolific of great ringmen. But there is one great combative sport that we do not hear a great deal of these days, though it is being revived by a couple of intrepid sportsmen. That game is wrestling. And when one thinks of wrestling, the question of the masters of the sport—those of to-day and those of the past—comes up.

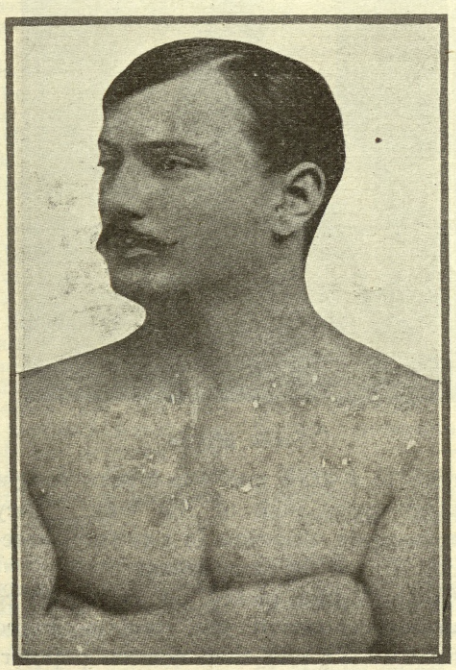
Who was the greatest of the matmen, past and present? It probably will never be answered to the satisfaction of everyone, any more than will the relative abilities of Gans and Leonard. There always will be a voice or two to cry aloud for the old masters and plenty of the new generation to boom the mat kings of the era now at hand. But there are several old timers who were greats of their days who deserve mention among the immortals of the game.

And strangely enough one of these immortal wrestlers is still in harness, in harness after forty or more years, though, we hasten to add, not now toppling opponents on their ears and twisting ankles and wrists and necks. The eminent exponent of the half nelson and its kin we have in mind, is the present chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, William Muldoon.

"The Broadway Cop," they called him in those days, the halcyon days of the none too gentle art of disarranging a fellow's neck from his shoulders. And he also was champion. In an era when the American variety of wrestling, the catch-as-catch-can style now in vogue here, was being nursed into being. It was Muldoon who led the procession of magnificent matmen.

Muldoon had many greats as contemporaries. There was Theodore Bauer, known as the "Russian Bear," all of which he was, beyond doubt; Andre Christol, who was the champion of France; Tom O'Connor, who hailed from Lancastershire and had a Lancastershireman's pugnacity and disregard for the finer and gentler things in life when they interfered with his neck wringing operations; Tom Cannon, from Limerick, which needs no additional remarks; Edward Bibby, champion of England, and Duncan Ross, the Scottish champion. And besides these there was Evan Lewis, the "Original Strangler," so called, but not in reality, and Clarence Whistler, who really was the first disciple of the strangle hold.

Mighty men were most of these. Courageous, powerful and honest. The mat game in those days did not—at least while Muldoon was the champion—bear the sinister aspect it has in recent times and against which such men in New York as Bill Wellman and Jack Curley are striving to gain popular sentiment.



William Muldoon, Chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission, as he appeared when he was king of the heavyweight wrestlers.

Now this would be just a story with a reminiscent air, retelling the lore of the most ancient of sports, and albeit worth while, wouldn't point the great moral that is intended but for the fact that something took place in that period when Muldoon ruled that we still feel in the wrestling game to this day.

And that something was the discovery of the strangle hold. This hold, that stopped the wind in a man's throat, that crushed his senses, and against which even the most powerful could not fight, was the mind child of Clarence Whistler. It has been attributed to Evan Lewis, but this is contrary to the word of men who were contemporary to the period.

In any event, Whistler had tried out the hold on his training partners and in the sticks. But it was not generally known to the wrestling profession. Muldoon was in New York City when Whistler finally challenged for the heavyweight title which Muldoon held. Muldoon, never adverse to accepting a challenge, and believing himself invincible, as did practically every follower of the game in this country, hastened to accept the defy and the match was arranged to be held in St. Louis.

Whistler was known as "The Demon," a name he deserved, for he was not the most ethical person the wrestling game ever knew. He really feared Muldoon, and to balance the scales attempted to intimidate Muldoon on the night of the match by flashing a large knife and a revolver which he gave to a friend with instructions to use them if Muldoon could not be subdued in the ring.

Muldoon saw the obvious attempt to scare him and determined to do a little bone crushing in the ring as a lesson to Whistler. When the men entered the ring it had been noised about that bitter feeling existed between them and that Muldoon would break his opponent's neck. Others, perhaps some who had had inside information, were willing to back Whistler, and the followers of the champion found all of their wagers covered.

Muldoon was of towering build. His hair was of raven black, his mustache also was black and as aggressive as it is to-day in its whitened aspect. The champion bore himself as champions should, with dignity and grace, with commanding aggressiveness, that brought admiration. He stepped into the ring, stood straight as an arrow, head thrown back defiantly. He slipped off his bathrobe and wiped his hands upon a towel, and then stood awaiting his opponent.

Whistler, a different type from Muldoon, the type that ran to heavy jowls and a vicious face, came promptly to the centre of the mat, extended his hands and the match was on. The men sparred for a hold. Whistler stepped in, encircled Muldoon's neck with one arm, swung his own body around like a pivot, and thus brought his forearm across Muldoon's throat.

Then, with a glint of evil in his eyes, he clasped this arm with his other hand and drew the forearm across Mul-

(*Continued on page* 20)

Shadows of the Past—Owen Moran XI

By FRANK E. COULTRY

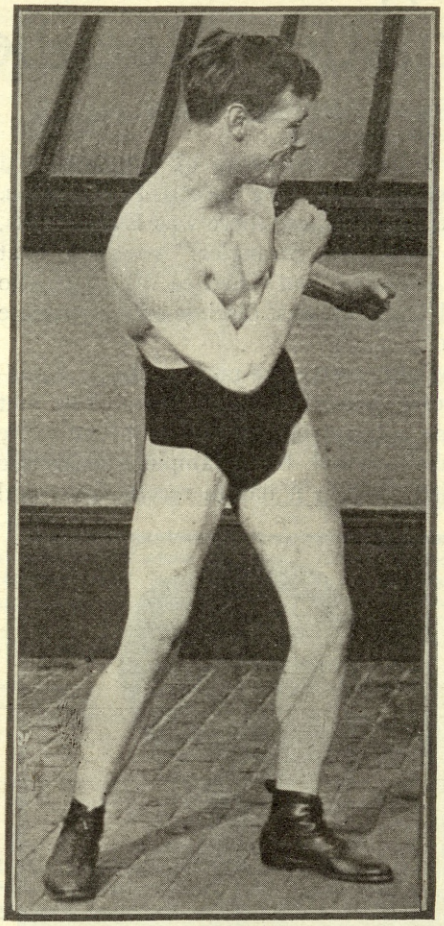
ONE of the cleverest English boxers ever brought to this country was Owen Moran, the capital little featherweight, who fought some tough battles here but who now has disappeared practically from the eyes of the world. From all accounts he is over in England, but in no way connected with the boxing game, and the story goes that he is broke.

This would hardly be surprising, for of all the boxers, good and bad, who earned good money in the ring and spent it almost as quickly as they gathered it in, Owen Moran held the championship. He could spend his winnings in a night, and with considerable grace, too. Charley Harvey, who imported him from England these many years back, could tell some interesting things about Owen.

Being the champion spender was about as near as Owen could come to a title. He was a good fighter, clever, a fair hitter and a born ringman. But he came at a time when the woods were full of stars in his class, notably Abe Attell. That was one thing. Another was his love of the flowing bowl.

He had a likable personality, however, and he traded a good deal on this. But after every fight he wanted to "paint the town red" and he generally succeeded. He made 'Frisco his headquarters and many are the tales that are told of his escapades out on the West Coast.

Two of the hardest fights he engaged in were with Attell when Abe was at his best. The first was a twenty-five round affair that was staged by Jim Coffroth at his famous Mission Street Arena in 'Frisco. The bout went twenty-five rounds to a draw and was a hard fought contest every inch of the way. They fought again, this time in a twenty-three-round bout at the same arena.



Owen Moran

Coffroth had picked on twenty-three rounds because of the famous skidoo symbol of 23 that then was so popular. This bout also was a draw, but many there are who believe that Moran would have won but for the way he had to train down to the ringside weight of the featherweight limit at the time.

On the day of the fight he was half a dozen pounds overweight. He was bundled up and sent out to work on the the road all morning. He ran and ran in the blazing sun, returned fagged out, but still overweight and it finally was decided that he would have to be "steamed" out. With two rubbers working over him he spent all afternoon and the early part of the evening on the rubbing table, sweating off the extra poundage.

He could barely climb into the ring and, in this weakened condition, stalled along for ten rounds before he regained some of his strength, being fed broths between rounds until he had recovered somewhat. Yet under these conditions he managed to hold the clever Attell to a draw. It was a great fight and one long to be remembered by the fans who witnessed it.

That was back in 1908. A few years later he drifted away from the game, disappeared and then cropped up again in England, only to slip out of sight soon after.

Muldoon Victim of Strangle Hold

(*Continued from page* 19)

doon's throat tighter and tighter. The massive Muldoon struggled. He lifted his man high into the air and attempted to fling him off. He stuck back one leg and half threw Whistler, but the latter hung on like grim death, each second tightening his hold.

Muldoon felt his chest bursting, his temples throbbing, tried with his last remaining power to beat off his man, and then succumbed to the effects of the deadly strangle hold, falling half fainting to the mat, where Whistler pinned his shoulders flat, scoring the fall and winning the title.

Beyond that there is not much to tell. Muldoon had been beaten by a new hold, albeit a strangle hold. It was much in vogue until its cruelty, its danger, became so apparent it was barred. Having ever been fair himself, Muldoon took a solemn vow then that he would always fight against unfair holds in wrestling. He retired later and began his famous health farm and continued in private to teach wrestling with fair holds, always instilling into his pupils the cowardliness of unfair holds.

Then came the day when he became head of the New York State Athletic Commission, and with that day came the day of reckoning for all users of illegal wrestling holds, of all men who profited by unfair rules in wrestling—as he saw it—and so came the changes in the wrestling code in New York State, the barring of cruel and dangerous holds, the institution of flying falls. For none knew better than he, nor felt more sincerely than he, the need of throwing out brutal, unfair tactics and encouraging to new growth the age-old ethics of wrestling, the oldest of combative sports.

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One Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

WHEN Jack Britton was shorn of his welterweight championship in Madison Square Garden on November 1, the wild acclaim that greeted the fallen hero of many thrilling ring encounters, and the daddy of 'em all of the most modern title-holders, seemed to indicate that Britton had retained his crown instead of being deposed by Mickey Walker. The cheers were well deserved, for Britton is a credit to the game, and no more popular boxer ever graced the champion's chair.

Mickey Walker, the Elizabeth, N. J., lad, who now holds the welterweight title, is only a novice in the ring. He enjoys the distinction of an unusually rapid rise to the estate of a ring title-holder. Mickey Walter has been boxing for about three years. Walker still was in swaddling clothes when Britton was engaged in his meritorious ring career. The dethroned champion's career dates back as far as 1904. Walker is but twenty years old.

Walker has all the attributes of a champion. In addition he has a personality which is expected to make him one of the most popular ring title-holders of the present day. A quiet, retiring, unobtrusive chap, Walker in appearance strikes one as a college student rather than an exponent of the strenuous ring sport. He has none of the marks of his trade. He carries none of the evidences of the punches he has absorbed from rivals. His conduct in and out of the ring is everything that it should be — in perfect harmony with the ring champion as he is accepted in this day of enlightened and advanced pugilism.

Walker's listed rivals, against all of whom he acquitted himself admirably, include Dave Shade, California welterweight, who held Britton to a draw last winter; Nate Siegel, New England champion; Marcel Thomas, French welterweight; Harlem Eddie Kelly, Marty Summers, Johnny Summers, Charley Pitts, Australian boxer; Shamus O'Brien, rugged Yonkers welterweight, and Britton.

Walker's engagement with Britton last year in a Newark ring was the turning point in the Elizabeth boxer's career. Knocked down by the champion in the first round, Walker survived the initial fusilade of the champion, and, in a remarkable recovery, accumulated enough points to receive the majority newspaper decision the following day. Following this match Walker pressed Britton for a return bout to an official decision. Walker's campaign had its successful climax in Madison Square Garden on November 1.

Charlie White, of Chicago, scored one of the most impressive victories of his long career when he put the sleep-producing wallop on Sid Marks, of Canada, in fifty-nine seconds of the second round in Madison Square Garden on October 20. Although Marks proved no match for Left-Hook Charlie, the business-like manner in which White crushed Marks made the admirers of Benny Leonard feel a little dubious about Benny's ability to withstand that terrific left hook of Charlie's.

Art Winch, White's trainer, was not at all surprised at Charlie's quick victory. He predicts the same dose for Mr. Leonard.

That long-looked-for feud between Bobby Michaels and Andy Thomas, in the Garden, came to a surprising ending when Michaels was disqualified for fouling in the second round.

Tony Lyons, of the west side of New York City, lays claim to the record of having scored more knockouts with well directed punches than any man in his division. He has scored 22 knockouts in 23 battles with his left hook, and 27 knockouts in 30 contests with his right cross. This unusual record is verified by his manager, Jack Moore, who would rather have his arm off than tell a fib.

Archie Walker, who is now a resident of Freeport, has difficulty in selecting a manager. Archie, since joining the pro. ranks, has had three managers, and is now looking around for the next. Phil Bernstein, Charley Harvey and Sammy Goldman are the unfortunates to lose such a real ring "find." Archie has defeated Jack Bernstein, Sailor Joe Kelly, Jack Worman, and scored a knockout over Charley Sheppard.

Harry Galfund, former amateur, continues to win all his professional bouts, and has yet to be defeated. Harry is another comer. He will make trouble for the leading lightweights in another year. He is under the age limit set by the Boxing Commission, and can only box six rounds.

Charley Picker received an unexpected setback at the hands of Andy O'Boyle, and will be on the side lines for a few weeks owing to an injured ear he received in that battle. He was forced to call off two matches—one with K. O. Harry Martone in Jersey City, and the other with Johnny Summers at the Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn.

Johnny Vestri, another former amateur, is beginning to attract attention on the other side of the Brooklyn Bridge. Johnny is a little 112-pound southpaw, and has won his nine starts.

Georgie Marks, bantamweight champion of the Pacific Coast, defeating Danny Edwards for that title, will return to New York shortly, accompanied by his bride. Marks originally came from Brooklyn, but has done all his battling out on the coast. He will be under the management of Charley Cook.

George Eagle, the coast lightweight, has left the management of Joe Woodman, and is fighting under the stable of Charley Cook. Eagle recently fought Johnny Mendlesohn at Milwaukee, and made a great showing.

The gymnasium at Madison Square Garden, conducted by MacLevy, is acquiring the reputation of the best well-equipped gymnasium in the country. New boxers are enrolling every day. It is open for both boxers and business men, each having their special hours for training. All the leading boxers of the country are there, and the best feature is the rates are lower than any gym in the city.

MacLevy offers the boys things they cannot get elsewhere—ideal training quarters with all kinds of paraphernalia, in addition to extensive handball courts, special massage treatment, locker service, and a horde of attendants who are always looking after the interest of the boys. The training period is from 2 to 4 o'clock, and every champion and near-champion stopping in New York makes MacLevy's his headquarters.

For training purposes THE RING recommends MacLevy's gymnasium to all.

For cleanliness, we still have to find a gymnasium in this city that can compare with the spic-and-span condition of MacLevy's Garden Gymnasium.

Murray Bresner, flyweight of Brooklyn, is getting in shape in the Madison Square Garden gymnasium for whatever bouts Jimmy Johnston can secure for him. Murray boxed Willie Suess at the Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn recently, and the decision was rendered against him, which he believes unjust. He is willing to box Suess again on a winner-take-all basis.

Willie Harmon, crack East Side lightweight, who is fighting welterweights owing to lack of opponents, fought in Philly, and made a favorable impression when he beat Eddie Dempsey in eight rounds. Willie was matched with Eddie Fitzsimmons in the semi-final to the Britton-Walker bout, but through some misunderstanding lost out. He has only lost one decision in twenty-seven starts.

Jackie Feldman, another former amateur, celebrated his pro. debut with Charley Izzo in a six-rounder that was a treat to those who were present. He lost the decision, but is desirous of a return match.

Billy Ryckoff is another youngster who has stepped into the front ranks of the bantamweights with a splash. Bill received the verdict over Danny Lee at the Polo Grounds, and shares a pair of decisions with Sammy Nable.

Two newcomers have arrived into the midst of New York boxers, and their workouts speak well of their ability. They are Johnny "Pee-Wee" Kaiser, of St. Louis, and Jack Lawlor, of Omaha. They are accompanied by their manager, Joe Levy, of St. Louis, who is anxious to get them started with the best men in their respective classes.

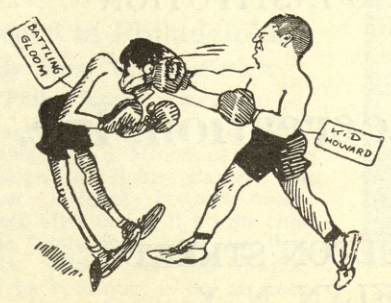
Vic McLaughlin, of the West Side, in his three years of ring service, has won fifty battles and hasn't lost a decision. He is willing to meet any top-notch middleweight.

Lew Chester graduated from the amateur ranks a few weeks ago and celebrated his professional debut by defeating Sid Chaplin, a big Brooklyn favorite. Chester is a welterweight.

Eddie Brady, of Brooklyn, one of the best featherweights in that town, is seeking new worlds to conquer. He will meet any 126-pound boy in the country. Eddie has a decision over Babe Herman, and will give them all a hard tussle.

Paul Doyle, of the East Side, is fighting himself into the position of chief contender for Mickey Walker's crown. Paul is always busy fighting. He never refuses a match, and will ultimately be recognized for his efforts. Paul scored a knockout over Al Norton in two rounds, and Dave Shade fought the same Norton a fifteen-

When in Chicago



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round draw. Doyle scored a knockout over Georgie Werner at the Pioneer. He will have many backers whenever he is stacked up against Mr. Walker.

Jimmy Amato, of the East Side, is a stablemate of Paul's, but is under twenty-one years of age, and cannot box more than six rounds. This, however, cannot prevent him from boxing out of town. He is making a name for himself that will soon rival that of his stablemate. They are both under the management of Tony Palazola.

Sammy Cohen, under the management of Paddy Mullins, always gets the advice of Harry Wills whenever he fights, and perhaps that is why he is always returned the winner. His only nemesis is Frankie Genaro, whom he has fought twice, but was defeated on each occasion.

Mike O'Dowd, the former middleweight champion of the world, is attempting a come-back. He is showing great form at Mac-Levy's Garden gymnasium. Dave Rosenberg, the recognized middleweight champion of New York State, was signed up to meet O'Dowd at Ebbets Field, and, through some mix-up, the bout did not take place, and Rosenberg was indefinitely suspended by the Commission. They will meet on Thanksgiving Day.

Lew Hurley, one of the best prospects in the bantamweight division, is being piloted by the Seamon brothers, who will force him to the top before another season rolls by. Hurley has won 25 battles, 13 of them by scoring knockouts.

Vincent Salvadore, who just arrived from the coast, made good from the start when he filled in as a substitute against Young Marino at the Commonwealth S. C. and won the decision. He is anxious to fight Frankie Genaro.

Al Brown, the East Side featherweight, finds it hard to get past his first bout. He was matched to meet Tibby Watson, of Australia, at the Freeport Auditorium for twelve rounds, and suffered a little poisoning in one of his fingers, which forced him to lay off. He is also matched to meet Jackie Harris on the same bill with the Goldstein-Villa bout on the sixteenth of November at the Garden, and the physician advises that he will be O. K. by that time.

The Broadway Exhibition Association of Brooklyn has opened a suite of offices in the Putnam Building, where they will transact their matchmaking.

Mickey Brown, of the East Side, who believes in making hay while the sun shines, carries his slogan in his ring battles. Mickey is of the opinion that the more he fights the more fights he can secure. He has fought six times in the month of October, which isn't so bad at that.

Silent Frankie, one of the most dangerous featherweights in Cleveland, is contemplating a trip to New York, and if he ever does, New York featherweights, beware! He has boxed with Johnny Kilbane in training, and Kilbane sings his praises. If he makes good in New York Frankie will stay, and if he fails he will go back to Cleveland, which couldn't be any fairer.

Nick Foley, of Brooklyn, is one of the claimants of the lightweight championship of that borough. He has plenty of opposition to withstand him. He was matched with Italian Joe Dempsey, another claimant, but took sick, and could not go through with the match. Bert Spencer is another to be considered for the premier honors in Brooklyn.

Lew Paluso, of Salt Lake City, who is residing in New York City, is one of the best pugilistic flashes that has appeared around New York for a good many years. Paluso is only nineteen, and is permitted to box six-round bouts in New York State. He performs in big-league style. He was recommended to Leo Flynn by Champion Jack Dempsey, and now he is rated as a real "find."

Lew Kreger fought at one of the Broadway S. C. shows, his first bout since his intended come-back, and he showed so much class that he will have no difficulty in getting matches in the future.

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Gossip From the Sunny South

By MAL McGILVERY

Mal (Doc) McGilvery, of Shreveport, La., who has promised to keep the eastern seaboard fans supplied with southern news, is one of the better known mitt scribes south of the well-known Mason and Dixon Line. He is persona grata with the leading promoters and boxers, and in his thirty-five years' connection with the glove game has traveled extensively in pursuit of his profession. As a promoter north, south, east and west, the Doc is known, so that his views carry much weight.

What's wrong with the referees of the Southland? This question is being asked on all sides by fans who have made the game possible.

In New Orleans Captain Joe Martin, regularly licensed third man, pulled off a bonehead play in the recent Fay Keiser-Happy Littleton American Legion bout in the Crescent City, and his actions are making for much "copy" in the sport sheets down this way.

Keiser was beaten from the eighth round on, and would undoubtedly have been finally counted out, but Martin took the law into his own hands with a new interpretation; and when Fay had gone down in the fifteenth to plainly take advantage of the brief rest Martin calmly turned around to where Littleton was standing and raised his hand. From the viewpoint of this scribe the referee unquestionably did wrong in not, at least, starting the count. Louisiana state laws — laws that have met with the entire approval of the National Boxing Association— define just what a referee may and may not do, but apparently Martin, who should know the inside ropes, has failed to pay much, if any, attention to the code under which he is supposed to operate.

The result of the Keiser-Littleton scrap will go down in the record books as a disqualification of the former. Truly, he was, but this black mark should not have been entered against his name. The popular Fay left the ring with as much cheering ringing in his ears as perhaps the winner received—proof positive that the fans were with him.

In the northern section of Louisiana—at Shreveport, on the border line, between Texas and Louisiana states — another referee pulled a stunt that must reflect on the sport, and a stunt that is certain to hurt future attendances, provided the commission at state headquarters does not act in the matter.

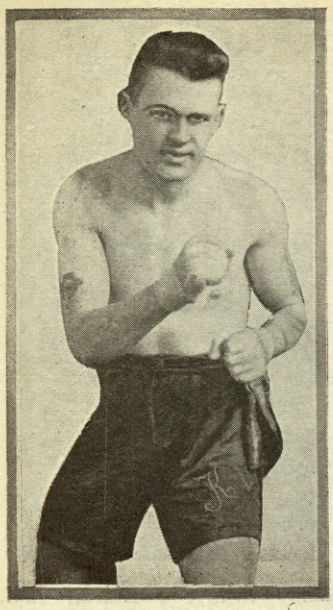
Curley Smith, Bartlesville, Okla., middleweight, who had proved a mighty big drawing card in the South, showed for the eighth time in so many months — this time against Billy Conley, Pacific Coast slugger. On paper and past performances Smith looked like an easy winner, but Conley, enveloping himself in a shell, refused to come out and battle consistently, with the result that the fans plainly—too plainly—told the mitt-sters, by way of the hissing and hooting route, that they were not satisfied with the return for the price of admission.

Along about the tenth the boys started in earnest. In the fourteenth stanza Smith rocked the other to such an extent that the bout looked to be about over, when Conley claimed he had been struck low. From the press row it surely looked that the western man was right in his claim. On the point of falling to the canvas Smith, who had been behind the referee, swung at Conley. Instantly the referee, for reasons best known to himself, took upon himself the role of All-Powerful and hooked Smith. The referee and Smith then staged one of the most disgraceful scenes ever witnessed in the South. Standing toe to toe they battled until the sheriff, chief of police and other law officials entered the ring and made a clearance. The referee, who is a local traffic officer, was put under heavy bond and, together with Smith, bound over to appear before the local police judge. The case was dismissed— this rightly, as no good would have resulted in fining the principals.

Untruthful advance publicity is hurting the game in certain sections of Louisiana, with the result that the fans will not turn out to the shows after being bitten once or twice. There have been occasions of recent date when boxers have been boosted to the skies, with winning brackets to their respective names — brackets which they were no more entitled to than the veriest tyro. There surely is a remedy for this, and the sooner official cognizance is taken of the matter the better it will be for promoters, boxers and fans alike. A word to the wise is sufficient!

Looks like that the game in Houston, Texas, is "deader'n a door nail!" Too many cooks spoiled the broth; and now, by order of the city manager of live-wire Houston, one of the greatest cities of the state, there will be no more fisticuffs until the legislature kills the present statute and passes a bill to make the sport legal. Big houses prevailed in Houston for the better part of a year, but when the various impresarios started squabbling among themselves there could be but one ending. In nearby Galveston the local authorities have also frowned on professional boxing, and for the second time in eight months have closed down — this time for good, it is officially said.

Jeff Smith, of Bayonne, made a ten-strike in New Orleans against Captain Bob Roper, whom he battered from pillar to post in the second of the American Legion convention battles. Although financially the bout, together with that between Keiser and Littleton, a few nights previously, was a flivver, Smith showed such a return to his old-time form that even Al Lippe was smiling that smile that won't come off. Smith is *the* goods right now, and, despite his lengthy career, is destined to make greater fistic history before much water passes under the bridges.



Frankie Lewis, Charlotte, N. C. middleweight. He carries a hefty punch

Around Minnesota

By JACK REDDY

A new light-heavyweight has loomed up in St. Paul named Emil Engberg. He is the owner of a large farm a short distance from Minneapolis. He looks the part of a real fighter, and has had fourteen bouts, with ten K. O.'s to his credit. He is dead anxious to get a shot at the Iowa corn-husker—Floyd Johnson.

Mike Gibbons and Mike Collins claim they are going to have the reputation of having the greatest number of boxers in their stable of any other combination in the country. Their slogan to the promoters is going to be: "We Can Furnish One or a Carload."

Stewart McLean, of St. Paul, has decided that he was in the wrong class when he was knocked out by Eddie Anderson. He is now in the featherweight division. He recently knocked out Phil Glazer, of Chicago, and is very anxious to take on any of the leading featherweights.

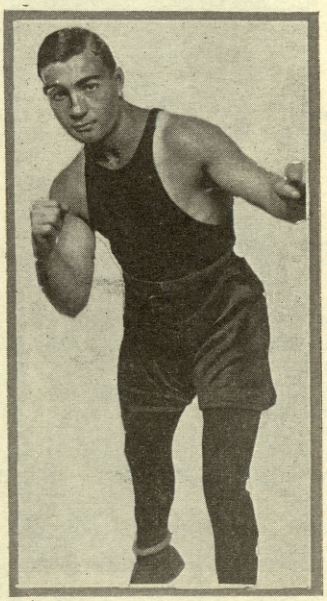
Billy Wells, formerly of England, who is being directed by Charley Harvey, made a great hit in Minneapolis by decisively defeating Jack Perry, of Buffalo. Wells will receive several bouts here.

Johnny Tillman has been wading into some of the leading welterweights of late, showing that he is determined to gain recognition in the class which is ruled over by Mickey Walker. In the last thirty days he has defeated Pinky Mitchell, Tommy Commiskey, Warnie Smith and Lee Morrissey.

Ohio Notes

By WILLARD STUART

"Hard luck?" says Johnny Klesch, Cleveland Middleweight, "that's my name. I boxed Joe Chip and Eddie McGoorty—both on 24 hours notice and earned draws, and



Battling Murray, a New York flyweight who weighs 108 *pounds but is open to meet all bantams*

was matched to fight Chip again. He got hurt and the fight was called off. Then K. O. Brennan called off his fight with me, and so did Frank Mantell. After that, Matt Hinkel tried to coax Johnny Wilson, middleweight champion, into the ring with me, but he wouldn't come. What I want is fights—I won't bar anyone!" Cleveland and Charleston, W. Va. promoters are after the Klesch-Wilson bout. Klesch has ten kayoes to his credit.

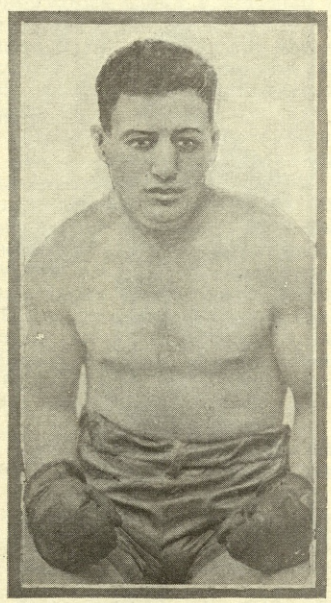
There is a little battler in Cleveland who is shouting for a bout with Pancho Villa, the new American flyweight champion. His name is Johnny McCoy. Cleveland sport writers said, after McCoy fought Mason a week before Mason lost his title at New Orleans, that McCoy made a punching bag out of Mason. "Now," says McCoy, "give me a chance at Villa."

The homliest man in the world! That's what ring fans say of Joe Price, the Cleveland welterweight. But the Tarzan of the welters does something else beside scaring them to death—he socks 'em. Price with a string of 50 victories?

Efforts on the part of promoter Griffing of Columbus, to match Joe Lynch, bantam title holder, with Eddie O'Dowd, crack mid-western bantam, has failed thus far to attain the stage where there is any assurance that this title match will be held soon, unless a compromise is effected.

Terms are practically agreed upon by both Eddie Mead and Willard Stuart, managers of Lynch and O'Dowd respectively, with Lynch receiving in the neighborhood of $30,000. The stumbling block is the manner and by whom the decision shall be given.

Lynch's pilot has suggested that the judges be dispensed with, and that Tommy McGinty, of Cleveland, O., manager of bantam Jack Kid Wolfe, be chosen as third man in



Sammy Sieger, whose hard hitting has worried many an Eastern featherweight

the ring. To this arrangement the Columbus boxing commission has turned a deaf ear.

Heard in Philadelphia

By Ross E. Kauffman

Phila. North American

Jimmy Daughtery is busy mapping out a strenuous winter campaign for Bobby Barrett, his Clifton Heights in-and-outer. Barrett, after taking it on the chin in his bouts with Lew Tendler, Charlie White and Sid Marks, came back strong when he beat Jos Tiplitz and virtually knocked him out at the end of the first round. Tiplitz revived between rounds and was able to go the eight-round limit, but the bout belonged to the Clifton Heights lad. Bobby Dobbs is training Barrett.

Otto Hughes has a new battler whom he claims is a ready mixer. The lad is Jay Grim, and Hughes has handed out hints to all 150-pounders.

Eddie O'Keefe, who was one of Philadelphia's sensations some years ago, is going to stage a come-back. O'Keefe has been working at a local gymnasium and asserts he is fast getting back to old-time shape.

Boxing is proving popular at all the up-state clubs. Promoters in Lancaster, Harrisburg, Steelton, York, Reading and Allentown report big crowds at all their shows. It looks like a big winter.

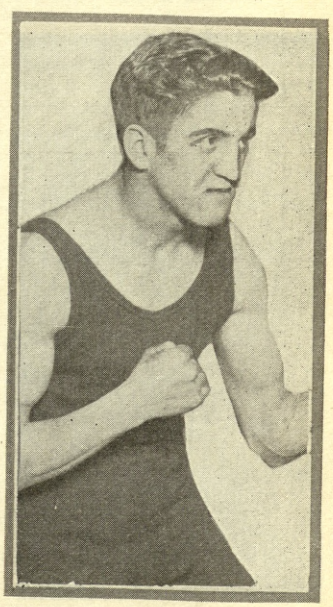
Tommy Riley's sturdy lightweight, Joe Leitz, has been stepping along at a good clip. Leitz is one of the most promising lads the veteran Riley has ever handled.

Eddie Wagond, the hard-hitting Italian lightweight from South Philadelphia, who has fought Champion **Benny Leonard and** many of the top-notchers, is right on edge for his winter campaign. Wagond can make it interesting for any of the boys in his class.

The Ice Palace will be the future home of the Olympia Club. The Palace recently changed hands, and the big talk is that the Olympia will move there on account of the increased seating capacity.

K. O. Leonard has been hustling around for bouts in the bantamweight class, but a lot of boys have passed him. His manager, Steve Lavey, has been obliged to go elsewhere to seek opponents.

George Godfrey, the big negro heavyweight handled by Jimmy



Lew Young Hurley, protege of Benny Leonard, 116 *pound youngster with a bright pugilistic future*

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Daugherty, is anxious to put his flippers on any of the big boys. Godfrey weighs around 200 pounds.

Eddie Palmer, a local bantamweight, has rounded into good fighting trim, and Phil Ward is hot on the trail of Benny Bass, Artie McCann, Tommy Murray, or other boys in that division.

Jay Grimm, a 150-pounder, is being groomed by Otto Hughes, former marine champion. Grimm is not picking any soft ones, and has issued a defi to the best of them.

Willus Britt, the boxing promoter, has opened up a new club at Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, and intends to use all local talent. The idea is to develop more Philadelphia boxers in all classes.

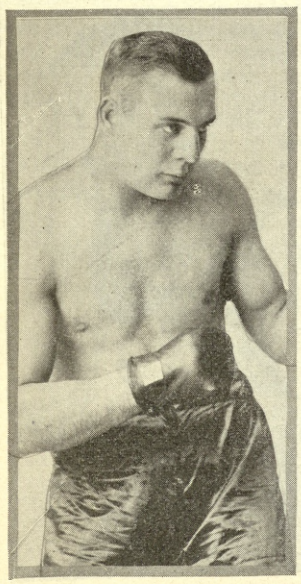
Sergeant Ray Smith, the Philadelphia heavyweight, is back in ring harness, and is looking for trouble. Smith has changed managers, and is now handled by Charles Bodine.

Battling Murray still hopes to get a chance at Pancho Villa. The local flyweight was matched with the champion three times, but on each occasion something happened to call off the bout.

Tommy Buck recently returned from a visit to Canada, where he was successful in a number of bouts. Buck is a Philadelphia veteran, but he still claims he can meet any of the boys in his class and put up a merry tiff.

Tim Droney, who claims that he has never been knocked down in 300 bouts, is hot on the trail of Bobby Barrett. The Lancaster lightweight has met all the best of them.

Max Hoff has Kid Wagner, his sensational featherweight, stepping along at a winning clip. Wagner put up a great fight against Babe Herman recently at the Eleventh Street Arena, and will get plenty of work this winter.



Floyd Johnson, Coast heavyweight who is being tutored by Jack Dempsey

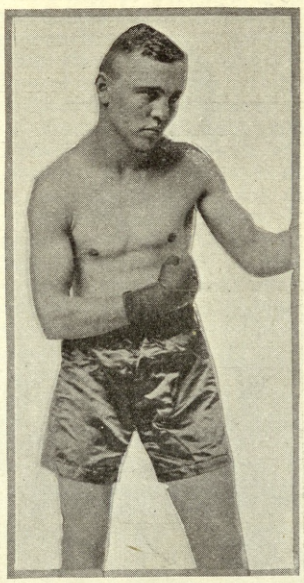
Young Jack O'Brien, brother of Philadelphia Jack, is trainer of the Villanova College football squad and other athletes. Young Jack and Tommy O'Malley are also looking after the boxers at the college.

Leo Houck, the Lancaster lightheavyweight, is not too old to step in the ring in an occasional bout. Houck has been fighting for more than eigthteen years, and has accumulated a good-sized fortune.

Bobby Gunnis has outlined a busy season for his battler, Johnny Mealey. The latter has been meeting all comers in Philadelphia rings for many years, and always puts up a rattling good bout.

Earl Hartman, who was a member of the last American Olympic boxing team, is being handled by Jake Weinstein. Hartman recently cut his hand while training in a local gymnasium, but is rapidly getting back in his fighting condition.

Johnny Burns, after a successful summer season with his Cambria outdoor shows, has transferred the weekly boxing bills indoors, and reports good crowds at his arena up in Kensington. His



Tim O'Dowd, an Atlanta bantam with a promising future. He ranks among the best

partner, "Pop" Feeney, recently died.

Steve Latzo, the Hazleton welterweight, is recovering from a sore left leg, which kept him on the sidelines for several weeks. He sustained the injury in a bout with Frankie Schoell, of Buffalo, when he slipped and fell on the canvas.

Patsy Wallace, the clever Philadelphia flyweight, who is being managed by Herman (Muggsy) Taylor, the well-known boxing impresario, has been besieged with offers in all parts of the country. Wallace put up a great fight against Pancho Villa, the American flyweight champion, recently.

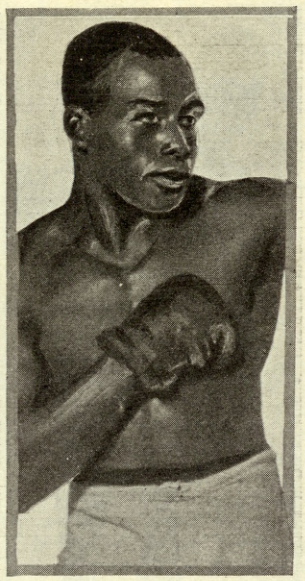
Detroit News

By H. Goldberg

Willie Jackson, who was scheduled to box Sid Barbarian at the Lenox Athletic Club on October 27, asked for a postponment until November 10. This match would have drawn a capacity crowd, but, owing to the injury to Jackson's eye, it was impossible to go through with it.

Jack Shelton, the San Antonio promoter, is negotiating with Joey Schwartz, the local bantamweight, for a series of bouts in the South.

Bud Clancy, who was con-



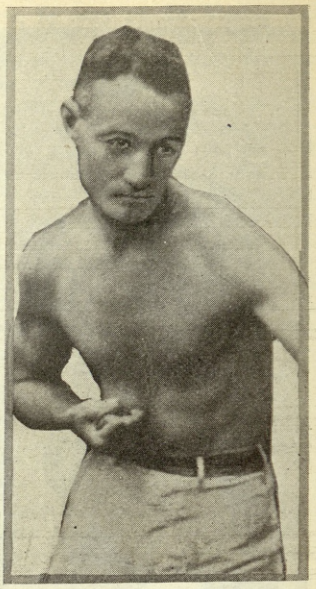
Kid Norfolk, Leo P. Flynn's Negro champion. He is a great drawing card

sidered one of the best boys in the middleweight class last winter, has taken on considerable weight in the past few months. He is now a full-fledged light-heavyweight. It is likely that he will be matched against Harry Greb or Harry Foley some time this month.

K. O. Sage, the local middleweight, has been coming to the front with rapid strides in the past few months. He defeated Jackie Clark, Pat Walsh, Whitey Ross, George Shade and Billy Empke. With proper handling it looks like he has a promising future in store for him.

Ted Marchant, the English lightweight, who defeated Pete Choike and Pete Hartley in his two bouts in this city since his arrival from England, has shown considerable promise, and it is likely that he will be seen in action with Sid Barbarian before the winter is over.

Phil Gussmano, who has been out of the game for several months with an injury to his jaw, has been going through a strenuous campaign of training. It is likely that he will be seen in action the latter part of the month. Gussmano looked like one of the best boys that was developed here last



Jimmy Brady, a Detroit junior lightweight challenger for Dundee's title

winter, and his many friends will be glad to see him in action.

Bert Connors, matchmaker of the Lenox Athletic Club, is negotiating with Eddie Mead for the services of Joe Lynch for a date here this month with Patsy Wallace, of Philadelphia. Another match that is in the making is between Gene Tunney and Harry Foley.

Sam Pearlstein, manager of Sid Barbarian, is out with a defy to all of the lightweights, but his challenges fail to reach any of the top-notchers. It is likely that they will leave for an invasion of the East shortly in an effort to force some of the top-notchers into meeting him.

Maine Notes

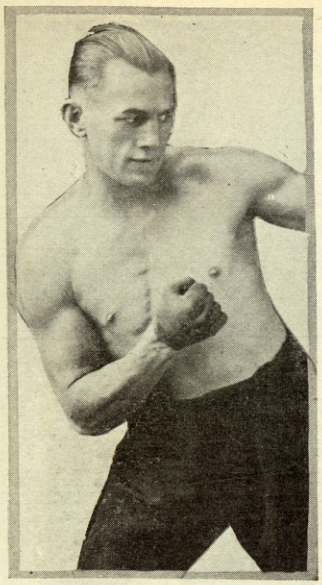
By Charles Turner

Bing Conley, the Lewiston middleweight, who has defeated Roddie McDonald, Sailor White and Young Josephs, is desirous of getting a match with Eugene Brosseau, the Canadian champion, and may get his wishes fulfilled as a Canadian club is angling for the contest. Conley entered his last two ring battles against doctors' orders as he was suffering from a fractured hip. He could not show his best form.

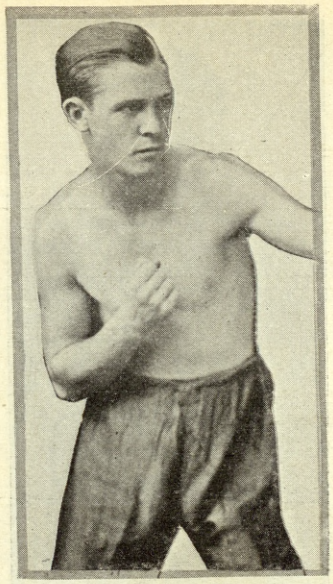
Kid Dube, who is the recognized featherweight champion of Canada, is back in harness. Dube boxed around New York last year, and tackled all the leading featherweights. He was a good drawing card in Brooklyn.

Bobby Walker, a featherweight, who formerly hailed from Panama, but who is making Maine his home now, is in line for some good matches. He won his first two bouts, and made such a favorable impression that he is sure to be kept busy in the future.

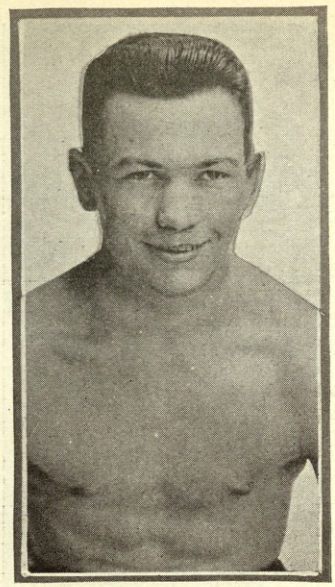
Jimmy Kid Rice, a schoolboy, who is earning his way through school by fighting, tackled Jimmy Correlli, of Berlin, N. H., at the



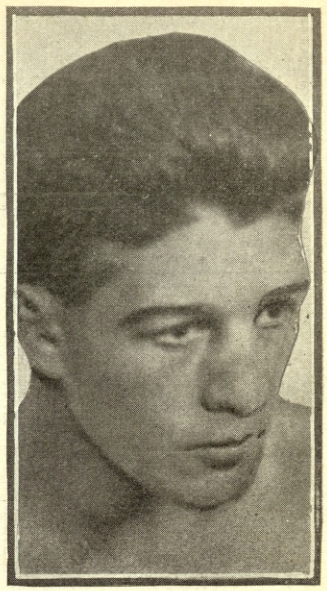
Johnny Tillman, a St. Paul welterweight who is being groomed for a battle with Jack Britton



Jimmy Baxter of Philadelphia, one of the cleverest bantams in the Keystone State



Fearless Ferns of Atlanta, Ga., who ranks among the best of the Southern fighters.



Newport Johnny Brown, a featherweight from Newport, R. I., with a good record. He is Rhode Island's best attractive.

Boost Sports Club on November 3. Jimmy is a bantamweight and comes from Portland.

Kid Clarke, Portland's cleverest bantam, is a busy man outside of the ring. He is the proprietor of the shoe-shine stand at the Congress Square Hotel, and, with fighting on the average of once every two weeks, he will soon be wealthy enough to retire.

Wild Bill Fleming, the ring star of earlier days, is developing Utah Kid, a husky middleweight. The Kid will soon be ready for bigger game in the middleweight division. They are both from Bangor, Me.

Philadelphia Joe Stanley, who boxed around Maine with great success, has made Brooklyn his home, and is emulating his success in Maine. Joe scored over fourteen knockouts in Maine, and made himself a big attraction.

Picked Up in California

By GEORGE W. HUSSEY

Otto Wallace, the eastern lightweight, who has moved his training quarters to the Observatory Club gymnasium, showed some of his old-time form here in training before a big gathering. He is very anxious to take on some of the best men in his class out here.

Sal Cario, the North Beach welterweight, is about ready to tackle the leading contenders for the welterweight title. Cario has been battling some of the lesser lights in the welter class here and is confident that he can defeat most of the leading contenders.

Joe Benjamin, the coast lightweight, has recovered from an injured leg. He returned to the squared circle here last month, and celebrated it by knocking out Teddy O'Hara in three rounds. Benjamin will begin another campaign shortly, with Benny Leonard's title as his goal.

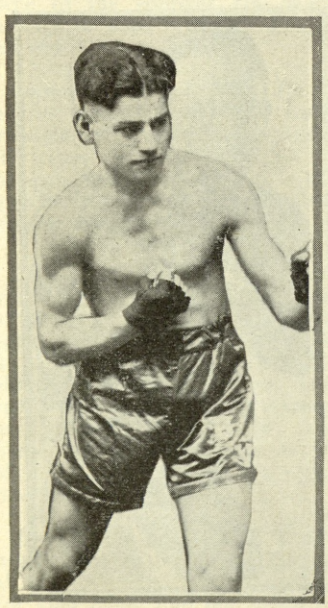
Mike Galindo, a welterweight, arrived here a short time ago and immediately began training at the Observatory Club's gymnasium in preparation for a bout which his manager has arranged for him in this city. Galindo displayed a fast left hand and an inclination to fight.

The first boxing show of the season was held at Modesto a fortnight ago. Ed. Booth, the matchmaker in that city, said that the initial show drew a gate of over $2,400, and about 500 spectators were turned away because of the lack of accommodations. In his second show Booth had an all-star middleweight card, with Steve Dalton in one of the feature bouts.

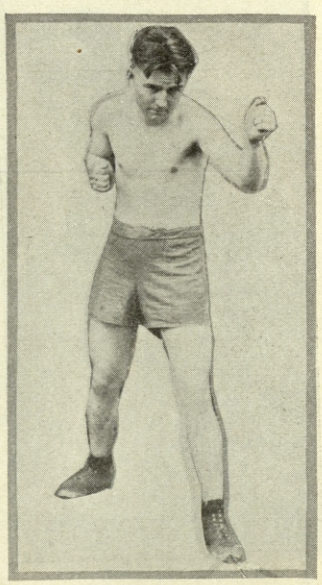
Two more boxers from the south of California arrived here recently. The newcomers are Joe Eagan, a middleweight, and Jimmy Mendo, a bantam. Eagan, who was here early last year, is well known in this section. He is sure to make it hot for the middleweights. Not much is known about Mendo, but, from indications, he can mix it with the best out here.

Walter McDevitt attempted to stage a comeback at San Jose recently but he failed. Tillie Herman knocked out the blond veteran in two rounds. McDevitt picked on too good an opponent for his first battle for he was outclassed from the start.

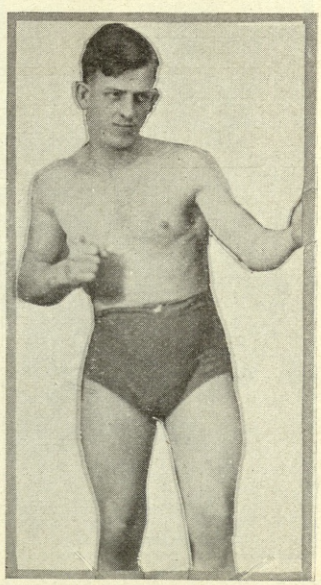
Georgie Marks, the local bamtam, is to make another trip East according to word received here by his friends. Marks invaded the East early this year and lost the only fight he had in New York. Marks has improved a great deal since then and thinks he can make his second trip a success.



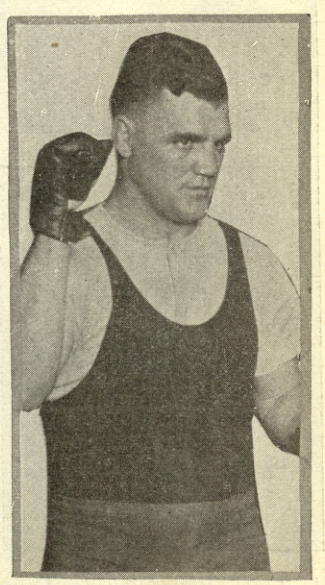
Joe Varceller, a Mount Vernon lightweight who made Joey Leonard travel at top speed



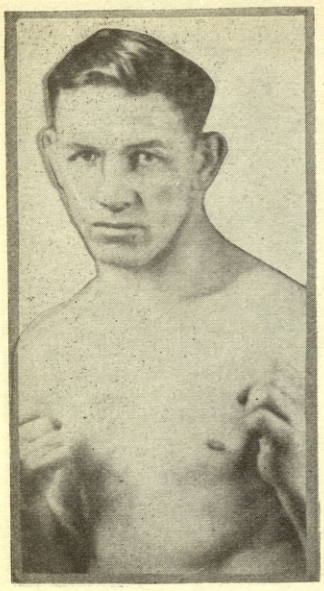
Battling Larry Freemont, of Hutchinson, Kansas. Ready to meet all comers



Jack Loomey of Manchester, England, who as seeking engagements at Madison Square Garden

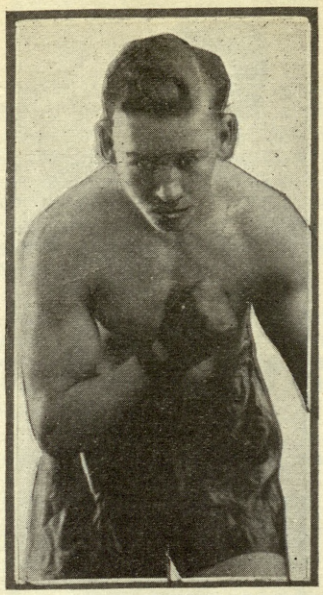


Bill Brennan, New York heavyweight, who soon will be seen in action in Madison Square Garden

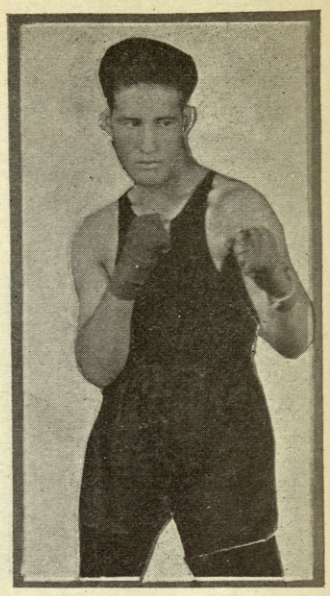


Dennie O'Keefe, Chicago's welterweight challenger for Mickey Walker's crown

Hilly Levine of New York City. A good, hard hitting bantamweight who can give as good as he can take



Champ Ross of Chicago. A bantam who has shown considerable skill around the Windy City



Tony Stallo, one of Cincinnati's crack lightweights. Stallo does most of his fighting at 130 pounds

Young Friedlander has shown improvement in every fight recently. His manager, Benny Ford, claims that his man can whip any of the lightweights on the Coast.

Al McCoy, the former middleweight champion of the world, arrived here a few weeks ago. McCoy motored out here from the East. He intends to enter some kind of business and stay permanently. Along with him came Tim Kelly, the Roscommon mauler. Kelly is in the pink of condition and states that he will fight any man on the coast his weight.

When the Hollywood American Legion Post built its arena the promoters never gave it a thought that they would outgrow it in less than a year. An extension was built and now they will be able to seat 10,000 fans. Frank Crowley, the promoter, has staged some shows lately, the last three being humdingers. Crowley is a wonder in the game and a great asset to Coast-boxing.

Jack Doyle is building a fight pavilion out at Vernon. Doyle's aim is to have the best club on the Coast and from indications this one is going to be about the best. It is made of steel and concrete, with no posts to obstruct the view. Doyle has a great following here, is well liked and always gives the fans a good run for their money.

Many Eastern boys are out here and are doing well. Solly Seaman, the crack performer from New York, is as busy as they make them. He has had six bouts lined up and will make Los Angeles his winter home.

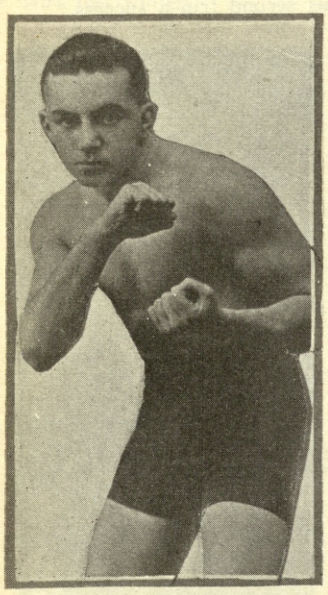
Dick Donald has called off his Australian trip. He and Charley Cline are busy with their new champion, Larry Murphy, the Hollywood newsboy. Again Dick cares nothing for water.

New England Notes

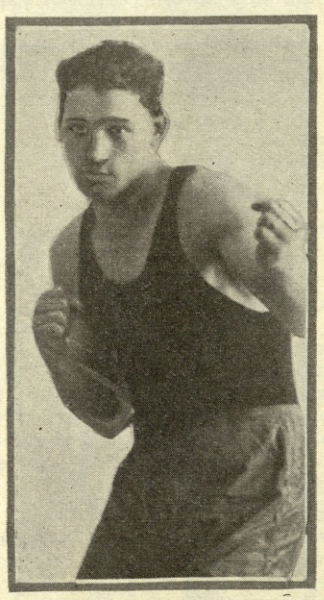
By Bill McNulty

Tough old fistic birds seem to thrive on New England soil. Ringsters who have become passe have been restored to full vigor by the New England winds. For instance, let us gaze upon Eddie Shevlin, the clever Boston welter, who hopes some day to wear the crown now resting on the head of "Micky" Walker of Elizabeth, N. J. Shevlin, who by the way is not Eddie Shevlin at all but John Pendergast, desires to drill pugilistic holes through Mr. Walker. On a previous occasion, Eddie attempted to do that little thing to William J. Breslin of New York City, otherwise known as Jack Britton, who recently lost title to Micky Walker. Mr. Britton, however, objected, with the result that Eddie decided he had quite enough in the eleventh stanza. It happened in that dear old Bosting, where education mingles with beans and they call the aftermath culture.

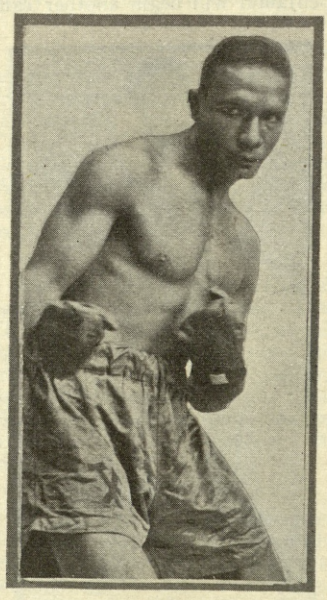
Shevlin was presumed to be due for the proverbial can when that other battle-scarred veteran, Tommy Kloby Corcoran of Lawrence, Mass., spilled Eddie suddenly to the canvas for the full count at Lawrence in the course of a scheduled ten rounder. This sad event happened two years ago. Eddie had a rest and then started on a campaign to regain his lost laurels. He has defeated Tommy Kloby Corcoran in a second fracas, followed this with defeats handed to Paul Doyle, New York Italian welterweight, who also hails from Boston; Mickey Walker and George Ward, the Jersey flashes, culminating with a surprise setback to Dave Shade, the Californian. And Eddie had more than a shade on Dave!



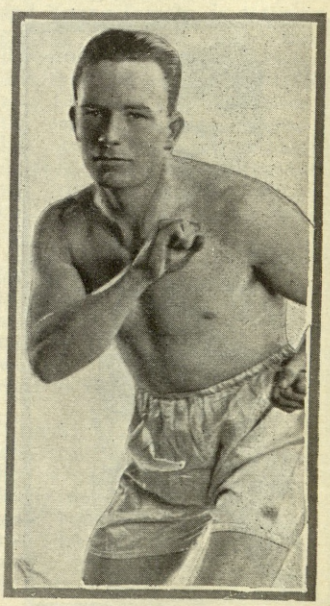
Al Veno, Philadelphia's French Flash. He is a bantamweight who has done some good fighting



Frankie Florio, formerly Frankie Ritchie, the Fighting Fool of Fordham. A good featherweight



Tiger Flowers, hard-hitting Atlanta, Ga., middleweight, who has challenged Kid Norfolk.



Tippy Watson of Australia, here for an American invasion. Jack Munro declares he is a classy boy

Eddie is not the only old pastimer working out of New England these dreary days. We have with us today, Porky Flynn, the Boston heavyweight, who has clashed with many of the leading heavyweights, including Sambo Langford, the Boston bundle of charcoal; the late Jim Barry of Boston and Chicago, the one and only William Harrison Dempsey, Frederico Fulton, Jim Flynn, the aged Colorado warrior; the late Stanley Ketchel, Battling Levinski, and many others of similar ilk. Porky Flynn has appeared in rings in Australia and in England, as well as over different parts of the United States, and is still accepting engagements. Porky has one distinction that is really notable. Whisper it—he scrapped with Bombardier Wells and didn't knock the English floor layer for a row of nightmares.

Old Tommy Kloby Corcoran of Lawrence has not officially resigned from ring hostilities. Expect to see his kelly in the ring any of these cool days. Tommy was battling in the ring when some of the welterweights of today were battling for the business ends of the milk bottles. Others had not been born.

Al Shubert of New Bedford is another veteran warrior. Al is not as good as he once was, but let it not be understood that he is through. Some of his young opponents can vouch for his effectiveness yet.

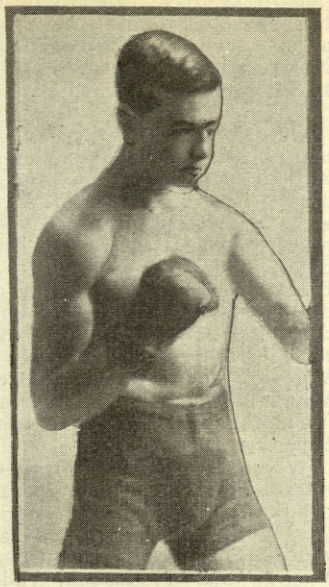
Young Montreal of Providence, who is a bantamweight of prominence, is a veteran and going strong. Monty generally shows well, but of course he does not always win. He is a highbrow—it extends half way up his carrot-topped dome.

Sammy Waltz of Hartford is a featherweight who has been in battling togs since Bill Bryan first shot his picture into the papers. Sammy is old and one of the antiques of fistiana, but he can make some of the younger fry Waltz merrily to cope with his gait in the roped arena.

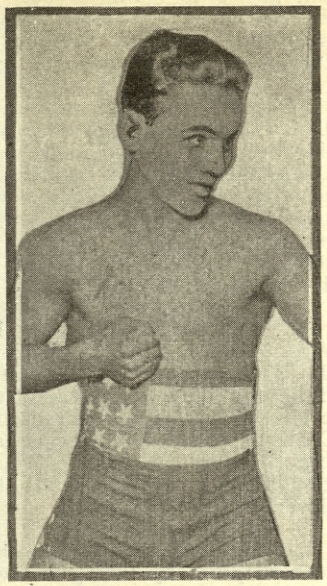
Tommy Shea of New Haven breezes through as another featherweight vet. Tommy is a grizzled old timer, who has battled all through New England and is still open to combat with the featherweights that are not too good.

Billy Myers of Boston is a lightweight veteran who has been scrapping for more than twenty years, and is still battling. Billy is known as the Concrete Kid. Many pugs have battered their hands into uselessness by attempting to form a dent in Billy's skull. Same brand of concrete in the Myers dome as in an up-to-date roadway.

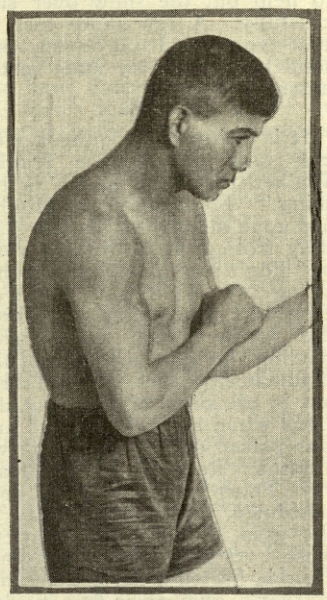
Jack Twin Sullivan of Boston is a heavyweight vet who although at the fifty mark is still looking for ring dates, and not doing too badly at that, thank you. Sully's sky-piece is as devoid of hair as a billiard ball. The story that Sully's joints creak like a rusty gate is a vicious untruth.



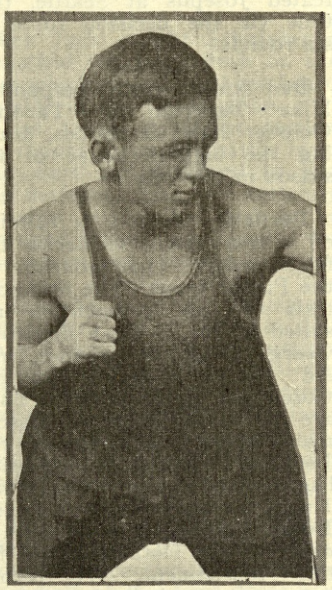
Sammy Young Pierce, a representative of Eastern Canada, who has rapidly forged to the front



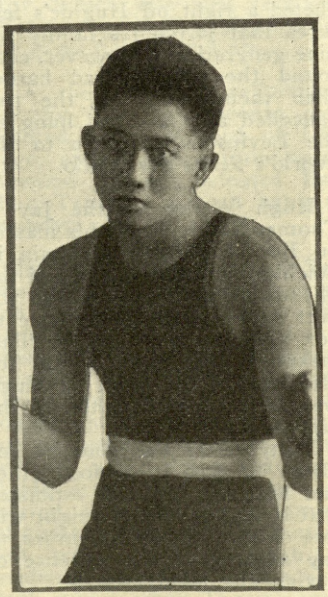
Dixie Lucien, a 110-pound New Orleans battler who has cleaned up in Central America



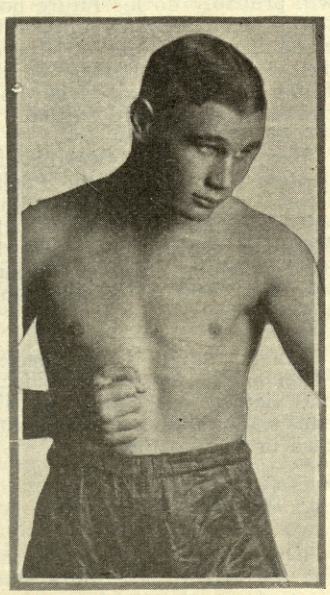
Chief Halftown, Cuttearangus Indian of Eastern New York



Johnny Pee Wee Kaiser, of St. Louis



Terio Vargas, former bantam and flyweight champion of the Orient. He is the only Filipino in the U. S. managed by a Filipino



Soldier Buck of Louisville, Kentucky is proud of this middleweight whose fights have been enjoyed by a wide following

Cleveland Notes

By RAY CAMPBELL

Jack Dempsey, high potentate of Fistiana, shattered every existing local theatrical attendance record at Toledo last month when he entertained the innocents with his stuff at the Rivoli Theatre. It was Dempsey's first appearance in Toledo since he won his title there three years ago and the folks turned out nobly to welcome him back to the scene of his most important conquest.

Doing "three a day," Dempsey played to 65,000 paid admissions during the week. Hundreds were turned away at every performance, too.

Jack was kept on the jump every minute of the week. Between acts he refereed fights, addressed newsboys, high school students, members of Toledo's four hundred, played golf and sold mutual tickets at the Fort Miami race track.

Featherweight champion Johnny Kilbane has shifted the scene of his activities from his summer camp on Lake Erie to Tommy McGinty's gymnasium. The gray thatched patriarch works out daily, boxing with Jack Wolfe, Al Ziemer, Tommy McLaughlin and Artie Root.

Carl Tremaine, Jimmy Dunn's bantam whirlwind, turned in three notable victories in seven days last month. He knocked out Eddie Pinchot in one round at Akron, O., Saturday night; laced Irish Johnny Curtain at Philadelphia on Monday night, and on Friday pasted Bernie Hahn at Youngstown.

Bryan Downey made a decided hit when he beat Nate Seigel at Boston recently. An effort is being made to match him with Jeff Smith at the Hub.

Johnny Downs, the local lightweight who has made Boston his home for the past couple of years, has returned to the Forest City and is boxing under the management of Tommy McGinty.

Johnny Kilbane thinks he has the next bantam champion in Al Ziemer. Gotham fans will remember Ziemer as the lad who boxed so brilliantly in one of the preliminaries to the Kilbane-Andy Chaney affair at Jersey City a couple of years ago. Al looked like a ring marvel that night and it was freely predicted that he would one day wear the 118 pound crown. However, in his next start Al forgot to duck when Abe Goldstein started a right hook from the floor and was knocked out in six rounds.

That defeat didn't discourage the inexperienced Ziemer. Since that time he has beaten Eddie O'Dowd, Harold Farese, Bobby Dyson, Battling Mack and boxed a draw with Terry McHugh.

Another of Kilbane's pupils who bears great promise is Tommy McLaughlin, a welter-

weight. Tommy is cool under fire, courageous, is a good boxer and a terrific puncher.

Artie Root is training at Tommy McGinty's gym and will be ready for all comers soon. Root has boxed, among others, Johnny Kilbane, Lew Tendler, Willie Jackson, Danny Frush, Andy Chaney and Jack Wolfe.

Vincent Pokorni, Tommy McGinty's star welterweight, will probably swap socks with Lew Tendler at Philadelphia some time this month. A couple of years ago Pokorni held Tendler even in a ten round bout held at Cleveland.

Mr. Muldoon's New York Boxing Commission recently suspended Jack Wolfe, local boxer, and his manager, Tommy McGinty, because Jack boxed Midget Smith at Canton last month. The Midget had been suspended for some reason or another, but McGinty knew nothing of the suspension and lost no time accepting Mike McKinney's terms for the match. A few days before the contest was scheduled to take place the New York Commission notified McGinty that Wolfe would be suspended if he boxed Smith. Tommy immediately cancelled the Smith match, but was told by the Canton Commission that he would be suspended by the National Boxing Organization if he did not go through with the bout.

McGinty was placed between two fires. Regardless of the step he took he faced suspension by one organization or another. Anyway, Smith and Wolfe boxed and Wolfe was suspended. Both Wolfe and Smith were reinstated last week.

Carl Tremaine is another local boy who has aroused the ire of the august commissioners. Because he is mixed up in some sort of lawsuit the board suspended him for "conduct unbecoming to a boxer."

A boxer who is booked all too seldom by promoters in this neck of the woods is Jeff Smith. The last time Jeff did his stuff around here he knocked out Bob Moha at Youngstown. Before that he held Harry Greb to a draw at Cincinnati. Jeff recently conceded thirty pounds to Bob Roper and gave him a jolly good thumping at New Orleans, breaking the Cap'n's nose and generally mistreating him.

Pacific Northwest Notes

By JOE WATERMAN

Boxing is having a big boom this fall in this part of the country, but two of the big towns, Seattle and Vancouver, B. C., will probably be closed to the glove game for the winter. In the former city, trouble between the boxing commission and one of the clubs has caused boxing to be suspended by the authorities, while in the Canadian city, lack of an available hall keeps the game closed, as the spacious Vancouver Arena is given over to ice-hockey during the cold months.

Spokane's boxing promoter, "Hat" Freeman, pulled off a fine show of four round bouts with Danny Needham and Leo Stokes heading the bill. These two middleweights fought an interesting draw. Needham is a nephew of the great boxer of that name of 30 years ago.

At Vancouver, October 12, Vic Foley, local featherweight idol, got a draw after 10 rounds of hard milling with Mike Ballerino. The latter floored the Canadian lad in the second and fifth, but Foley came back and took the last four rounds by clever boxing.

Jack Josephs finished up his western jaunt by taking on two tough ones in a week. Morgan Jones held the Minneapolis boy to a six round draw at Tacoma, while Travie Davis again defeated Josephs at Seattle, this time via the decision route in six rounds.

Bud Ridley easily outpointed Mike Ballerino at Tacoma, October 26th, six rounds, drawing the biggest house of the season in that city.

Portland, Oregon, is running off a tournament to decide the featherweight championship of the Pacific Coast. The first contests of this competition resulted in Joe Gorman defeating George Burns, ten rounds, and Ad Macke stopping Sammy Gordon in eight rounds. They are all Portland boxers. Matchmaker Harry Hansen of the Portland Boxing Commission has received entries from Danny Kramer, Bud Ridley, Young Brown, Jimmy Dundee and other Coast featherweights for this tournament. A record house witnessed the first show.

Mike Ballerino has gone to his home in Bayonne, N. J., and will probably do his future boxing in the East. This tough little ex-soldier who is of Italian descent, started boxing in the Philippines and has given Pancho Villa seven hard battles.

Bud Manning, flyweight and bantam champion of the Pacific Coast, may soon come East seeking a crack at Pancho Villa. Manning recently defeated the hard-punching Eddie Moore, who beat Villa at Manila about a year ago.

Travie Davis is the busiest boxer on the Coast. His knockout victory over Jack Josephs has made him a big drawing card in the Northwest.

Western Gossip

By Jay J. Thomas

Frank McGowan broke into the big league once more when he took on that crafty veteran, Bud Logan at Sioux City, October 12th, for ten rounds. Logan has faced nearly every top-notch performer of his weight during the past ten years and is still a big favorite up around the North, where his best performances have been turned in.

Occasionally attention is called to someone who goes out of his way to favor others and such a person is Promoter M. J. Vidovich of Galveston, Texas. Another promoter imported Dave Shade and Cowboy Padgett to Houston and when it was decreed that they couldn't box there the bout was moved over to the other city and M. J. Vidovich and partner Oscar Voigh advanced the necessary funds for advertising and other expenses incurred.

When the Houston promoter was unable to meet the guarantee the boxers were to receive the Galveston promoters advanced $500 for that purpose. Mayor Charles Keenan, Judge Henry O'Dell, Judge Diebrell and Commissioner B. C. Eisenfelder all proved 18 carat boxing fans and went out of their way to help put the show over successfully. A few more men of that type would put boxing on a solid basis in every state in the union.

It is going to be quite a difficult task to convince Hughie Walker that "the punch is the thing." For two years Hughie has gone merrily on his way battling from 25 to 30 times a year, but didn't run up any sensational string of K. O's. However, early last January he discovered the poppy punch and started sending the boys in search of the sandman in droves. He laid them out in all kinds of beautiful designs when he broke a hand and was placed on the shelf for two months. Recently he and Harvey Thorp, each with a bout scheduled, wended their way to the gym to do a little battery work. At the clash of the gong Hughie hurled a hasty hook and Harvey's gym shirt flew up his back like a window shade from the jar. But it landed high and at the same time Harvey ricocheted a right off Hughie's features that jarred his family for nine generations. However, each found the other's head harder than their hands, so the two cancelled all dates and hung up the Levinsons to listen to the World's Series over radio.

Hugh Walker of the Jay J. Thomas Stable, broke his mauler on Bob Roper's head again in Wichita the other night and the physicians who attended to the mitt say he will not be able to box again until February. This means a long, hard winter for Hughie and his pilot, as Hugh was the big money-getter of the organization.

Many offers had come in for Hugh to box in various cities and Manager Thomas estimates that he and his heavyweight will lose close to $20,000 in purses, to say nothing of the expense of having the hand mended.

Harvey Thorp, another star of the Thomas stable, returned from Cincinnati, where he fought Billy Ryan recently. Thorpe claims Ryan fouled him in the fourth round, but the referee counted him out and refuses to allow the claim of foul.

Here is Harvey's version of it: "The referee instructed us," he said, "that in case of a foul that he saw he would disqualify the man landing the low blow, but in case he did not see it he would count the fighter out and then let a physician decide if the blow was foul. After he counted me out he refused to call a physician. I would have gotten up, although I was hurt by the foul blow, if I had not thought the referee would call a physician. I believe I got a raw deal. I was winning at the time and will fight Ryan again, winner-take-all, to prove it."

Eastern Canada Notes

By The Onlooker

The Tex Rickard shows in Montreal will be held every week. The bouts hereafter will be staged in the old Francais Theatre. George Pierce is representing the famed promoter in Montreal. It is planned to stage one really big show per month. Montreal will be developed as a ring center under the Rickard regime. The fans are all het up over the splendid shows Rickard has given them to date and it is safe to predict that Tex will have a big following here when summer time and the outdoor season arrives.

Jimmy McIntyre is back in Eastern Canada after spending the spring, summer and part of the fall in New England. Mac had good luck while he was domiciled in Houlton, Me., but after he removed to Boston, he hit the bumps. While in Houlton, he defeated Billy Myers of Boston, Tommy Early of Lawrence, a fellow calling himself Sailor Gibbs of Boston, Tom Barrett of St. John, Howard McRae of Boston, and lost to Battling Downey of Boston and Bangor. McIntyre disputes the right of Joe Irvine to claim the Canadian welterweight title.

We have heard of old pugs, but we believe that Alfie Corbin, the Loch Lomond Cyclone of St. John, N. B., is the grandfather of them all. He is seventy years old and as eager for a ring bout as of yore. It is a matter of but forty years since he started flinging mitts. Alfie, whose tan has never worn off, lives twelve miles from St. John and walks into the city and return within the same day. In one of his ring engagements, Alfred faced Starlight, a clever and hard hitting mulatto lightweight of thirty years ago. Starlight hit Alfie so hard and so often Alfie saw starlights, moonlights, sunlights, gaslights, and flashlights. Alfie decided discretion was the better part of valor and cried enough in the seventh verse. He then turned to Starlight and said: "Mr. Starlight, Ah kud beat ye out to the Lake Lomond if I had ye there." There is a colored colony at Loch Lomond, where Alfie resides, and Alfie's relatives form a healthy factor in the population.

Notes from Montreal

By MAXIE LEWIS

For the second time Sammie Pierce and Gene Demers have battled over the 10-round route with the judges unable to decide which is the better man. A third meeting between this pair should determine the issue.

Paul Lahaye, 175 lb. Provincial Amateur Champion, made his Pro debut by knocking out tough Soldier Joe Lewis in 5 rounds here. Lahaye, with proper handling, should go a long way in the Pro ranks.

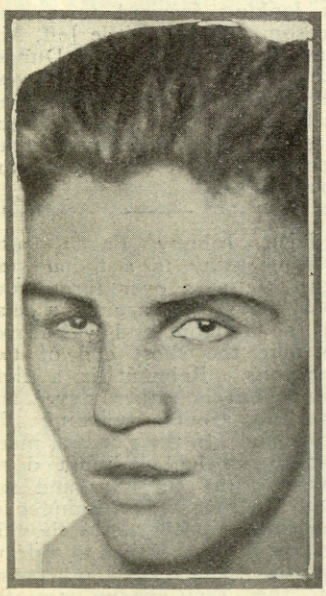
Bert Schneider, who is improving with every fight, certainly showed class in outpointing the seasoned veteran, K. O. Loughlin, in the feature bout of the all star card arranged by Promoter Louis Lariviere.

The Tex Rickard Montreal combination staged its second boxing show at the Mount Royal Arena, on October 9, with great success. In the main bout Sonny Smith, Brooklyn bantam, but formerly of Montreal, earned the decision over Jimmie Tomasula, Jersey City, in 10 rounds of fast fighting.

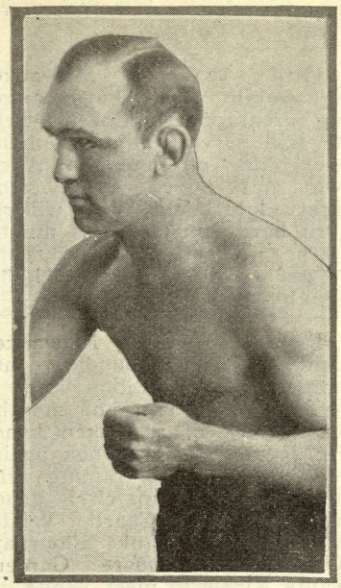
Kid Roy of Montreal, and Jimmie Hutchinson of New York, furnished the fireworks for the semi-final. This was a good fight all the way with Roy getting the referee's decision. A majority of the fans did not think that Roy was entitled to the decision and voiced their disapproval with the well known razz.

The two 10-round prelims resulted in draws between Charlie Goodman of Brooklyn and Benny Gould of Toronto, and Johnny McCrann and Jackie Harris.

A little disappointment was occasioned in the third Rickard show on October 16, on account of the main bout not coming off as advertised. Harvey Bright



Charley Picker, New York State National Guard champion welterweight, with an excellent record.



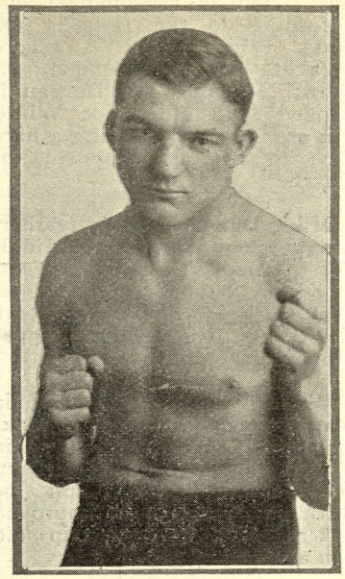
Harry Krohn a middleweight from the West who has a fine record and is ranked as a strong contender for the championship

was matched to fight Hughie Hutchinson, but two days before the bout Harvey injured one of his hands while training and appeared before the Commission to show he was unable to fight. However, a substitute bout was arranged between Jackie Norman and Red Cap Wilson. This was a corking good fight with Norman grabbing the verdict. Norman is a mean fighter and sure can step. This much can be said for Wilson, he was in there trying all the time but Norman was too shifty for him.

Tibby Watson of Australia surprised the natives when he sat Kid Roy on his haunches in the first round of the 10-round semi-final. This peeved Roy a little for in the next round he commenced to punish Watson severely, sending him to the canvas three times. Watson, however, could not stay down. He always came back for more. The judges gave the decision to Roy, which was well received. Watson was well applauded for the game fight he put up.

In the 6-round preliminary, Johnny Rose of Toronto outpointed Eddie Milford of Chicago, and in the curtain raiser Armand Vincent defeated Battling Terry in a slam bang 6-rounder.

In the opening show of Tex Rickard's new winter home at the Loew's Court Theatre on October 30, Jack Thomas lost a close decision to Bert Schnieder in a bout that was replete with action, and in which Thomas fought under a severe handicap, having sustained an injury to his left leg while doing roadwork. Aside from that Thomas appeared slow and his judgment of distance was bad. His famous left was not very much in evidence excepting in the seventh round, when Thomas sunk a wicked left to Bert's solar plexis which made the latter grunt, and again in the eighth,



Norman Genet, a welterweight of Akron, Ohio, who is making rapid strides. His recent battles have gained him recognition

when Jack caught Schnieder a beautiful left hook flush on the jaw which must have been heard outside in the ticket office.

But to do Schnieder justice, he fought a careful battle from the start and deserved to win the decision. This was certainly a sweet victory for Bert as he avenged himself on Thomas for the pasting he received last year at the latter's hands. The weights were announced Schnieder 145, Thomas 150. Jack Thomas has been promised another match with Schnieder. This should be another great battle, providing Jack gets down to his best fighting weight, 145 lbs., and in proper shape for a hard fight.

The semi-final between Mickey Delmont and Johnny Rose was not very spectacular. For the first half of the bout Rose was content to let Mickey do all the leading, getting in an occasional wallop now and then. But starting the fifth he seemed to have gained confidence and sailed into Delmont with both hands and continued these tactics until the final bell, winning the decision by a wide margin. Delmont is not the fighter of old as was plainly seen. He seems to have slipped back.

The 10-round preliminary was a hummer. It rivalled the main bout in interest. Henry Ford, who hails from Boston, got the decision over Gene Demers. Ford is a smart boxer and kept working his left like a piston rod, waiting for an opening to shoot his right over. Demers, however, landed some hefty socks to Ford's body, but the latter slipped away in time to break the force of the lunges. Demers was over-anxious to land a haymaker and therefore left many an opening which Ford took advantage of.

The opener was a slug-fest between Kid Bratton and Willie Rose, two local boys.

News from Wilkes-Barre

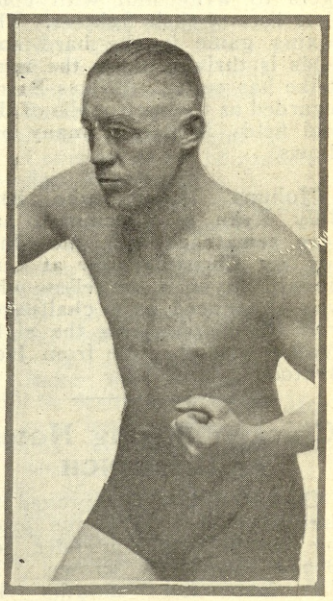
Johnny Riley's ten-round victory over Billy Ryan of Cincinnati, O., at the Wilkes-Barre Armory on November 2, was a well earned one. The Wilkes-Barre battler floored the Cincinnati king three times. In the second round he had him practically out, but Ryan's ring generalship saved the day for him. Again in the eighth it looked like curtains for Ryan. Riley just now sizes up as one of the best welterweights in Pennsylvania. He has beaten all of the boys in that State, including Steve Latzo, Kayo Loughlin, Johnny Hermann, Billy Logan, Jack Perry and Wally Hinkle—the latter holder of the George Pawlings belt.

Joe Hardy stepped a few notches higher the past month. He stopped Andy Ketchell at Easton, scored three knockdowns over Billy Calpin of Scranton in eight rounds at Wilkes-Barre, beat Tommy Jones in four rounds. Hardy looks like a classy boy and a comer. He hangs his hat in Wilkes-Barre.

Paul Doyle of Brooklyn, and Frankie Schoell of Buffalo, staged a good fight at Scranton early in the month, but Schoell had the better of it. Wilkes-Barre promoters tried to rematch the pair but for some unknown reason Doyle's manager did not accept.

Eddie Shelvin of Boston, invaded the coal regions and carted off a win over Pete Latzo of Scranton. Shelvin proved himself a clever scrapper, and had little trouble in nosing out the Scranton boy.

At Hazelton, two clubs are staging a boxing war. George Unis, who also conducts shows at Williamsport, has the American A. C. and Mike Scatton is the promoter of the National



Vincent Pokorni, Cleveland welter who has boxed Lew Tendler and other topnotchers in his class.

club. At the latter's show Frankie McGuire of Williamsport, defeated Jack McCarron of Allentown, in ten rounds. When the bout was over McCarron socked one of the spectators for rooting for McGuire.

Tommy Shamus of Plymouth, a suburb of Wilkes-Barre, who has been at Freddy Welsh's camp all summer, is starting on an active campaign. He unmercifully beat Dinkey Hughes of Hazleton the early part of the month.

Tommy prides himself on two victories scored over Billy Bevan and another over Chick Kansas, the Philadelphia bantam. In the latter bout Tommy had the Quaker city boy on the canvas twice in the eight rounds. Shamus and Eddie O'Dowd of Columbus will meet in a wind-up in Wilkes-Barre on December 19th.

Frankie Farmer, a portsider, who formerly resided in Elizabeth, N. J., and who was a stable mate of champion Mickey Walker, who has beaten such featherweights as Harvey Bright, Dutch Brandt, Al. Wagner, Philadelphia, Willie Allen of the same city, is hanging his hat in Pittston. Frankie is mentioned for a bout with Sammy Seiger within the month.

Al Dewey, who is the promoter of the biggest club in the coal fields, has started a fight managers' directory. His new scheme is to place a directory giving the address, business and home, the telephone numbers, and the fighters under each manager, to simplify his work of matchmaking. He is in charge of the Armory A. C. in Wilkes-Barre.

The "fair-square" program of Dewey has earned for him the compliments of all managers of the East who do business with him. Al. in his day was one of the best welterweights in the game. He fought Jack Britton twice. Dewey asks all managers to write him with complete lists of their fighters. The boxing game in the hard coal fields is thriving since the mine strike has ended. Wilkes-Barre, regarded as the metropolis of the coal fields, is staging many big shows.

"Johnny" Riley, who beat Billy Ryan of Cincinnati, has been rematched with the Ohio boy for Christmas day at Cincinnati. Ryan is the fellow who was announced as a challenger from the Garden ring the night Walker won the title from Jack Britton.

Chicago Boxing Notes

By ART WINCH

Charlie White has proved to the world that he is the leading lightweight contender for Benny Leonard's crown. In the last few months he stopped Bobby Barrett in three rounds and Sid Marks in two rounds. He recently gave Bobby Barrett a return match in Philadelphia and, according to the ringside experts, White won. A record breaking house attended the show. Manager Ike Dorgan is flooded with offers for White, but promoters are having a hard time to get an opponent for Charlie.

Mike Dundee, junior featherweight champion of the Middle West, is having a hard time getting an opponent. Manager Dick Curly is after a match with Kid Wolff, Joe Lynch, Pepper Martin or Johnny Dundee.

Willie Green, Philadelphia featherweight, who used to make his home here, is back again with a challenge to Mike Dundee, Sammy Mandell and Joe Burman. Green is an improved boxer. His Eastern trip did him a world of good.

Benny Berris, local featherweight, who made a big hit in Philadelphia, is back and has placed himself under the management of Tommy Walsh, who expects to get him a few matches before sending him to the Pacific Coast to engage in a series of five bouts.

Billy McCann, the Cleveland lightweight, is now under the management of Long and Kane. He has a good record and will be matched with some of the leading 135 pounders in the country. McCann is likely to be matched with Charlie White or Ever Hammer.

If Joey Ray makes half as good a boxer as he was a distance runner, he will surely shine in the fistic realm. Joey made his debut in Chicago the other day against a fellow named Jack Rollo and beat him without much trouble. Ray showed plenty of speed and his hitting was all that could be desired. Howard Carr, who is a pretty fair judge of a scrapper, did not hesitate to say that Joey with a little more coaching would be a dangerous lad among the 125 pounders.

Jimmy Walsh, the old-time bantamweight of Chicago, has developed into a manager of boxers. Jimmy was a star in his day when he was under the management of Doc Krone and Doc Message, of Chicago. Now he has taken hold of Joe Cook, a Scotch lad who recently came over and is making his home here. Jimmy wants to put him against any of the second string lightweights about the Middle West.

Davey Miller's clever handling of the matches between Leonard and Kansas, Leonard and Hammer, and Lynch and Moore has been the cause of his many out-of-town offers to officiate as referee. He just came back from Nashville, Tenn., where he handled a Southern championship affair. Miller has purchased a half interest in the Rialto Cafe, 173 N. Clark street, a favorite eating house for most of the Loop boxing and theatrical fraternity of Chicago.

Otto Wallace, Milwaukee lightweight, writes that he is going great on the Coast, where he had several fights, winning every one of them. Wallace, who has boxed every good lightweight in the West, will return here sometime this month, as he is going to New York to get a shot at the best lightweight there.

Richie Mitchell, Milwaukee lightweight, is rounding into pretty good condition after a lay-off of a couple of months on account of a broken hand. He soon expects to box again. Pinkie Mitchell is training with his brother. A match is pending now with Charlie White. Matchmaker Frank Flournay, of Madison Square Garden, wants Richie to meet White.

Tommy O'Brien, Pacific Coast lightweight, who is making Milwaukee his home, offered to donate $1,000 to charity if the Wisconsin Commission would raise his suspension, which runs the end of the year, but no action was taken. The Commission decided that it would be a bad precedent to establish, but gave Tommy the privilege of reopening his case. He was suspended for alleged rough work with Pinkie Mitchell in their recent match. However, the suspension only operates in the Badger State and it is probable that Tommy will get a bout in the East.

Walter Grayjack, Milwaukee bantam star of the Thirty-second Division, and one of the best boys around Milwaukee at his weight, is back in the city after putting in several months in Los Angeles. Walter came back because of the illness of his mother. While in the Far West he had five contests of four rounds each, winning all of them. Now he is hot on the trail of Joey Sangor, Milwaukee's latest sensation in the featherweights' ranks. Sangor has been winning consistently, but one mark against his record, a point decision, won by Grayjack last winter. Fred Saddy is again handling Grayjack and wants to match him against Eddie Anderson, Stewart McLean, Charly Glaser and Sammy Mandell.

Jimmy Anderson, the "Fighting" Newsboy who is managed by Art Winch, Charlie White's trainer, is improving rapidly. He has won his last four fights. Since he has placed himself under Winch's wing he has learned how to use a good left hook.

Baltimore Fisticuffs

By JAMES R. PRICE

Bennie Schwartz, the Southern flyweight champion, successfully defended his title here when he handed Little Jeff, Max Waxman's entry, a thorough lacing before the Olympia Athletic Club on November 6. A big crowd saw the bout, as both boys have large followings and the fans had looked forward to the contest for the past six months. Bennie took the lead from the opening gong and in only one round, the second, did Jeff appear to have a chance. Time after time Schwartz poked his left in Jeff's nose and crossed his right to the jaw, but the little Italian kept boring in, and while he seldom landed a hard blow he went down with colors flying. In the second stanza, after Referee Joe Tipman had twice warned him for hitting low, Jeff suddenly landed a terriffic offensive and chased the champion about the ring, driving home several hard body blows. Schwartz, however, soon solved the attack and evened up the round. From then on Jeff was at the receiving end, and there was no question about the decision.

Matchmaker Bennie Franklin now has his hooks out for a match between Schwartz and Pancho Villa, the world's flyweight champion. Villa is holding out for a 12-round no-decision contest, but the Maryland Boxing Commission frowns on such bouts and Franklin may have his troubles before he clinches the match. There is no doubt that Villa would draw a record house here and Schwartz would give him a tough battle.

Al Bell, a local boy, former welterweight champion of the Atlantic Fleet, is preparing to re-enter the ring after a lay-off of several years. Bell has placed himself under the management of Gerald McGraw, the North Baltimore barber, and will soon be ready to start a campaign that he hopes will lead to a bout with Eddie Burnbrock, the soldier lad, who wears the Southern welter crown.

Max Waxman, with nearly a dozen good boys in his stable, is looking forward to a busy season. Besides Little Jeff, Max has Jim Holland, Joe Dundee, Lew Dempsey, and several lesser lights. All the boys are willing workers and Waxman has no trouble getting matches for them before out-of-town and local clubs.

Irish Johnny Fagan, after getting away to a flying start with victories over three good local boys, ran against a snag in Joe Belmont and was forced to take the short end of two decisions. Belmont is a light hitter, but is rather clever and had no trouble winning the first bout. In their second meeting Fagan had Belmont down twice in the second round and held his own the remainder of the contest. Ringsiders thought he was at least entiled to a draw, but the judges ruled otherwise. In the semi-windup to the Schwartz-Little Jeff fight Fagan was the victim of another weird decision, and after beating Tommy Milton, of New York, all the

way was forced to be satisfied with a draw.

Phil Lewis, who has taken Kid Williams under his care, hopes to pilot the little Dane to a meeting with Joe Lynch, with the bantamweight title at stake. Lynch and Williams have met before and Joe was declared the winner after four rounds. That was shortly after Williams had lost the title to Kid Herman. The next time the Kid hopes to reverse matters.

Al Freid has now started his six-round bouts at the Gayety Theatre, and Baltimore fans are assured of at least two fight nights each week. Billy McCarthy puts his shows on at The Folly Theatre on Friday nights. When the larger clubs stage bouts on Mondays fight bugs may get fed up later in the season and patronage is sure to fall off.

The National Athletic Club is still on the suspended list and Manager James W. Dewey and the Maryland Commission are standing pat. In the meantime Sammy Harris is going to court in order to collect the money due Frankie Rice. Rice and Andy Chaney recently met before the National Club in a bout scheduled to go twelve rounds. Rice fouled Chaney in the fifth round and the Commission ordered Rice's money held until it investigated the contest. Several days later Dewey was ordered to turn the money over to Harris. Dewey refused to obey and said that his contract with both boxers contained a clause that stated should either boy commit a foul he would forfeit his share of the purse. Harris says otherwise and a court fight is now in sight. In the meanwhile Dewey is barred from promoting any boxing contests.

Johnny Sheppard, a bantamweight of Boston, made his debut here with Eddie Anderson at a private club, and what a battle they put up! Anderson won by a close margin. Sheppard got the glory and another match with Harold Smith on the U. S. S. Commodore boat. Sheppard and Smith gave the boxing fans their money's worth, as there was plenty of action, with Smith receiving the best of the mill. Sheppard has made a hit among the fans here with his work.

Watch Frankie Welsh, the 140-pound youngster. He is being groomed carefully by Jack Blackburn, the former colored boxer. His manager, Harry Miller, a brother of the well-known referee, has lined up three matches for him this month.

Mike Dundee, after a fruitless effort to corner Joe Lynch, has arrived back from New York with Manager Dick Curley. He has been signed to a ten weeks' contract by a theatrical producer to meet all comers. He will start this tour on the first of the year. Before his stage career starts he will have three matches.

Little fellows have taken on a new lease of life lately, as is seen by the number who are working out at Kid Howard's and Ferretti's gymns. Some are: Joe Nelson, Joe Burman, Eddie Anderson, Mike Dundee, Harold Smith, Jimmy Kelly, Frankie Jummatti, Jack Eile and Pal Moore. Moore was laid up in bed with a touch of flu, but has recovered. He will start his winter campaign in a bout with Harold Smith at Aurora.

A boxing bill will be introduced at the next legislature next month by Alderman Jas. O. Kostner, a real sportsman. It is being backed by the War Veterans and has a good chance of going through. Some features of the law are: 15 rounds no-decision bouts, a five-man commission appointed by the Governor, and club fees. Well, let us hope and pray!

Buffalo Gossip

By HUGH SHANNON

Ted Joyce, of Toronto, Canadian bantamweight champion, recently returned home from New Bedford, Mass., where he knocked out Bobby Dyson, New England bantam contender, in the final round of a ten-round bout. Joyce connected with a hard right-hand smash to Dyson's chin in the tenth round and the New Bedford man was out for twenty minutes. Clubs in Boston, Fall River and other New England points now want Joyce to box for them.

Charlie O'Connell, of Cleveland, won by a narrow margin over Jimmy Goodrich, of Buffalo, in a twelve-round scrap at the Queensberry Club on October 9. O'Connell was too long in the arms for Jimmy, who did his best to get on the inside of his elongated opponent's defense. A good crowd saw the bouts.

In the semi-final Chief Halftown, the Indian, won over Roy McFarland, and Bobby Tracey, lightweight, defeated Young Brady, of Syracuse, in the fourth round of their scheduled six-rounder.

Charlie Murray, the Queensberry Club's matchmaker, is trying to get Harry Greb to box some worthy opponent here in the near future. Greb is a good card in Buffalo, where he got his first real start in the boxing game.

Results of Boxing Bouts

[Through an oversight several September bouts were omitted in the October issue. These are published in this number.—Ed. Note.]

SEPTEMBER

11—Albany:
Pete Hartley and Red Mack, draw, twelve rounds.

11—Boston:
Kid Norfolk beat Lee Anderson, ten rounds.
Jack Twin Sullivan beat Tom Cotter, ten rounds.

13—Mitchell Field, L. I.:
K. O. Jaffee knocked out Johnny Herman in eleven rounds.

14—Ebbets Field:
Pancho Villa knocked out Johnny Buff, eleven rounds.
Elinore Flores knocked out Nick Foley, sixth round.
Red Cap Wilson beat Johnny Murray, eight rounds.
Scotty Melcomb beat Young Skelly, four rounds.
Andy Lake beat Joe Daley, four rounds.

14—102nd Medical Regiment, N. Y. City:
Henny Catena knocked out Mickey Black, eight rounds.
Buddy Wallace beat Mickey Condon, ten rounds.

14—Bayonne A. A., Bayonne, N. J.:
Joe Senter knocked out Babe Sullivan, nine rounds.
Willie Burns beat Harvey Crosby, ten rounds.
Mickey Walters knocked out Artie Bird, eight rounds.

15—Long Branch, N. J.:
Frankie Jerome knocked out Maxey Williamson, seven rounds.
Danny Humphries beat Gene Johnson, six rounds.
Lew Silvers knocked out Bob Erie, third round.
Dave Weber beat Jack Bardley, four rounds.

15—Newark, Broad A. C.:
Lew Snyder beat Smiling Joe Ritchie, twelve rounds.

15—Rockaway Beach, L. I.:
Billy Marlowe beat Harry London, twelve rounds.
Louis Gugilemini knocked out Joe Wright, four rounds.

15—Fifteenth Regiment Armory:
Danny Stuart knocked out Sammy Marco, ninth round.
Kid Buller beat Young Jack Johnson, ten rounds.

15—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Young Fisher beat Jimmy Darcey, twelve rounds.

15—New Orleans:
Young Montreal knocked out Eddie Coulon, thirteenth round.

15—Aurora, Ill.:
Mike Dundee beat Midget Smith, ten rounds.

OCTOBER

12—San Francisco:
Sailor Earl Force beat Angelo Angelopulos, four rounds.
Harry Fargo and Ray Todd, four round draw.
Eddie Sylvester knocked out Charlie Prescott, first round.
Ray Smiley knocked out Young Mike Gibson, second round.
Canuta Rapio beat Jack O'Dell, four rounds.
Willie Carlson and Eddie Sharp, four round draw.
Johnny Lawson and Frank Micco, four round draw.
Jimmie Medrano and Frankie Perry, four round draw.

12—Los Angeles:
Oakland Jimmy Dundee beat Joe Coffey, four rounds.
Oakland Jimmy Duffq beat Chick Roach, four rounds.
Joe Azevedo beat Eddie Landon, four rounds.
Abe Miskind and Jack Russo, four round draw.
Pete Francis and Eddie Gorman, four round draw.
Walter Grayjack and Jack Burns, four round draw.
Johnny Marvin knocked out Al Sheppard, two rounds.

12—Los Angeles:
Young Farrella and Jimmy Callahan, four round draw.

13—San Francisco:
Young Papke beat Hank Gastine, four rounds.
Sailor Goldman and Young Dudley, four round draw.
Roy Sutherland and Lackey Morrow, four round draw.
Harry Wallace beat Battling Ledestick, four rounds.
Young Rizzo and Eddue Doody, four round draw.
Sailor Cronomie lost to Will Oliver, four rounds.
Jimmy Brady and Jack Ray, four round draw.

13—Vancouver, B. C.:
Mike Ballerino and Vic Foley, ten round draw.
Bee Colclough beat Eddie Neill, six rounds.

13—Chicago:
Bud Taylor knocked out Stanley Everett, fifth round.

13—Los Angeles:
Dandy Dick Griffin beat Georgie Lee, four rounds.
Billy Ketchell beat Jimmy Marcus, four rounds.
Spec Woods beat Sailor Vincent, four rounds.

13—New Orleans:
Jeff Smith beat Capt. Bob Roper, fifteen rounds.

13—Lewiston, Me.:
Johnny Walker and K. O. Ledroux, draw 12 rounds.

13—San Francisco:
Ernie Goozeman beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Ray Pelkey won on a foul from Sailor Lamson, second round.
Willie Green beat Georgie Sollis, four rounds.
Young Carpentier beat Harry Baker, four rounds.
Eddie Kelly beat Jackie Morrow, four rounds.
Eddie Sylvester beat Billy Morrow, four rounds.
Vic Morrison knocked out Sailor Small, second round.

13—Madison Square Garden:
Billy Miske won on a foul from Tom Gibbons, ten rounds.
Tommy Robson beat Jimmy Darcey, twelve rounds.
Eddie Bernbrook beat Young Pierce, six rounds.

13—Portland, Me.:
Johnny Leonard beat George Drew, ten rounds.
13—Galveston, Texas:
Brooklyn Joe Leonard beat Sailor Owenbym twelve rounds.
13—Springfield, Mass.:
Bobby Reimer beat Dick Berry, ten rounds.
13—Boston:
Jock Malone and Johnny Karr, no contest, referee stopped bout.
13—Reliable A. C., Philadelphia:
Silent Puryer beat Jack Tasco, eight rounds.
Kid McCoy beat Johnny Mosley, eight rounds.
Joe Ray and Rock Burns, six round draw.
Joe Williams beat Eddie Covington, six rounds.
13—Cambria A. A., Philadelphia:
Jimmy Baxter beat Little Jeff, eight rounds.
Johnny Royce and Johnny Terrio, eight round draw.
Young Sharkey knocked out Benny Bass, nine rounds.
16—Broadway Exhibition Company of Brooklyn:
Joe Tiplitz beat Bert Spencer, twelve rounds.
Johnny Vestry beat Willie Tucker, four rounds.
Lew Chester beat Sid Chaplin, four rounds.
Danny Humphries beat Lew Goldberg, six rounds.
Henry Mick beat Toughey Murray, ten rounds.
16—Philadelphia:
Carl Tremaine beat Irish Johnny Curtin, eight rounds.
Young Montreal beat Battling Mack, eight rounds.
16—Staten Island (Brighton Sporting Club):
Yussel Pearlstein won on a foul from Al Roberts, two rounds.
Buck Walters and Murray Soren, draw, eight rounds.
Jimmy Cancro and Eddie Ford, draw, six rounds.
16—Boston:
Bryan Downey beat Nate Seigal, ten rounds.
16—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Eddie Shevlin beat Pete Latzo, ten rounds.
16—Philadelphia:
Patsy Wallace knocked out Tiny Trinkle, fifth round.
16—Buffalo:
Frankoe Schoell knocked out Steve Latzo, third round.
16—Freeport, L. I. (Freeport Sporting Club):
Lew Hurley knocked out Joe Chandler, two rounds.
Dave Weber and Al Steady, draw, six rounds.
Al Ketchell and Jackie McCoy, draw, six rounds.
16—Harrison, N. J.:
Red Chapman beat Jimmy Freda, twelve rounds.
Billie Viderbeck knocked out Willie Applegate, second round.
Tommy Roche and All Russell, four round draw.
Pie Jones beat Young Phillips, four rounds.
Kid Beans and Johnny Fagen, four round draw.
16—Mount Royal Arena, Montreal, Canada:
Jackie Norman beat Red Cap Wilson, ten rounds.
Kid Roy beat Tibby Watson, ten rounds.
Johnny Rose beat Eddie Milford, six rounds.
Armand Vincent beat Battling Terry, six rounds.
16—Denver, Col.:
Jimmy Hanlon won on a foul from Joe Welling in six rounds.
16—Dallas, Texas:
Mickey Riley knocked out Jack Arnold, sixth round.
17—Pioneer Sporting Club, York City:
Billy Shade beat Wolf Larsen, ten rounds.
George Ashe beat Eddie Josephs, ten rounds.
Leo Gates beat Pat Bulger, ten rounds.
Silent Puryear beat Jose De Costa, six rounds .
Joe Lewis beat Kerry Kenny, four rounds.
17—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charley Picker knocked out Johnny Coleman, one round.
Danny Lyons beat Terry Davis, ten rounds.
17—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Johnny Leonard beat Pedro Camp, ten rounds.
17—Vernon, California:
Sol Seaman beat Joe Gorman, four rounds.
17—Modesto, Cal.:
Steve Dalton beat Al Delmar, four rounds.
Mike Golinda and Willie Young Hoppe, four round draw.
Wildcat Borba beat Bert Myers, four rounds.
Jack Covey beat Sailor Lee, four rounds.
Joe Herman beat Charley Frias, four rounds.
Jack Collins knocked out Joe Livermore, one round.
17—Los Angeles:
Danny Kramer knocked out Benny Bierra, third round.
Johnny Trambitas knocked out Johnny Tynan, third round.
17—San Francisco:
Sailor Earl Force beat Dewey Grannan, four rounds.
Eddye Sylveste r beat Harry Fargo, four rounds.
Johnny Lamar beat Young Dixon, four rounds.
Frank Powers knocked out Jack McDonald, second round.
Henry Taligano knocked out Eddie Sharp, second round.
Mickey Russel and Young Ceriato, four round draw.
Johnny Lawsonn knocked out Frank Perry, third round.
17—Seattle, Wash.:
Travie Davis beat Jack Josephs, ten rounds.
Eddie Moore lost to Bud Manning, four rounds.
18—San Francisco:
Cliff Kramer won on a foul from Lee Anderson, three rounds.
Johnny McManus beat Jimmy Callahan, four rounds.
Frankie Denny beat Steve Dalton, four rounds.
Eddie Mahoney and Georgie Lavigne, four round draw.
Abe Miskind and Monk Fowler, four round draw.
Eddie Gorman and Pete Fran- four round draw.
Johnny Marvin beat Frankie Oldrick, four rounds.
18—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Bobby Barrett beat Joe Tiplitz, eight rounds.
18—Forty Seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Peter Hayes and Jimmy Gaudym, twelve round draw.
Patsy McNulty and Ruby Stein, ten round draw.
19—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Willie Harmon knocked out Willie Fentour, one round.
Hilly Levine beat Larry Goldberg, ten rounds.
K. O. Phil Kaplan beat Rocky Smith, ten rounds.
Paul Fargo beat Murray Adams, six rounds.
Joe De Late beat Willie Linder, four rounds.
19—102nd Medical Regiment, New York City:
Charlie Murray beat Buddy Wallace, twelve rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Frankie Dobbins, six rounds.
20—Meridan, Conn.:
Kid Kaplan beat Andy Chaney, twelve rounds.
20—Bethlehem, Pa.:
K. O. Willie Loughlin beat Tommy Billiard, ten rounds.
20—Philadelphia:
George Godfrey knocked out Jack Ware, five rounds.
20—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Jack Perry beat Bermondersy Wells, ten rounds.
20—Madison Square Garden:
Charley White knocked out Sid Marks, two rounds.
Andy Thomas won on a foul from Bobby Michaels, two rounds.
Vic McLaughlin knocked out Roy Benson, three rounds.
Georgie Daly beat Carl Duane, six rounds.
Willie Herman and Willie Pfiffer, six round draw.
Andy Tucker beat Artie Pierce, four rounds.
20—Steubenville, Pa.:
Bernie Hahn beat Dick Loadman, ten rounds.
Young Sweeney and Pete Roberts, six round draw.
20—Toledo, O.:
K. O. Jeakle beat Sid Barberian, twelve rounds.
20—Lynn, Mass.:
Young Mandy beat Johnny Brown, ten rounds.
Paul DeSalvo beat Billy Shine, eight rounds.
20—San Francisco:
Gene Cline and Tiger Johnny Cline, four round draw.
Roy Sutherland beat Frankie Thomas, four rounds.
Young Dudley beat Sailor Goldman, four rounds.
Sammy Compagno and Harry Wallace, four round draw.
Lamberto Camase knocked out Sailor Roberts, second round.
Charley Henricks beat Mike Goldino, four rounds.
Jimmy Powell beat Benny Lavin, four rounds.
20—New Kensington, Pa.:
Young Dempsey beat Frankie Buff, ten rounds.
Jack Sharkey won on a foul from Gussey Lewis, one round.
Abe Mondell beat Kid Carpentier, six rounds.
Cliff McKee and Whitey Welsh, four round draw.
20—Duluth, Minn.:
Johnny Delaney knocked out Johnny Sudenberg, fifth round.
20—Juarez, Mexico:
Sam Langford beat Jack Taylor, fifteenth round.
20—Sacramento, Cal.:
Eddie Landon beat Manuel Azevedo, four rounds.
Jimmy Roach and Joe Medma, four round draw.
Jimmy Fitten beat Young Sol, four rounds.
20—Los Angeles:
Eddie Shannon and Jimmy Dundee, four round draw.
Sailor Billy Vincent and Billy Ketchell, four round draw.
Sailor Rittner beat Joe Racehorse Roberts, four rounds.
Tommy Carter beat Pat Corbett, four rounds.
20—Duluth, Minn.:
Farmer Lodge knocked out John Lee, third round.
20—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, N. Y. City:
Sammy Butts beat Johnny Clark, eight rounds.
Tom Chip beat Maurice Meola, eight rounds.
Sammy Dobbins knocked out Ed Vourt, first round.
20—Hartford, Conn.:
Kid Lewis beat Willie Spencer, twelve rounds.
20—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Jack Bernstein beat Joe Mandell, five rounds.
Eddie Martin beat Kewpie Collins, two rounds.
Lew Stein beat Willie Roberts, six rounds.
Willie McNulty knocked out Danny Humphries, one round.
20—Fall River, Mass.:
Rocky Smith beat Tom Mallinson, ten rounds.
Cast Iron Hague beat Danny Lyons, ten rounds.
20—Portland, Me.:
Ruby Levine and Clarke Kid, twelve round draw.
Eddoe Polo and Zuger Zirralli, twelve round draw.
20—Hollywood, Cal.:
Eddie Shannon and Jimmy Dundee, draw four rounds.
Kid Mende knocked out Alex McDonald, second round.
Sailor Vincent and Billy Ketchell, four round draw.
Sailor Ritter won from Racehorse Roberts, four rounds.
Tommy Carter beat Pat Corbett, four rounds.
Connie Higan beat Joe Powell, four rounds.
Battling Murphy and Sailor Camavan, four rounds.
21—Commonwealth Sporting Club, N. Y. City:
Franke Genero beat Charlie Rosenberg, twelve rounds.
Spencer Gardner beat Charley Beecher, twelve rounds.
Sid Terris beat Lew Paluso, six rounds.
21—Ridgewood Grove Sporting, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Tommy Lynch beat Frankie Daly, twelve rounds.
23—Broadway Exhibition Association
Johnny Coney beat Micky Brown, ten rounds.
Italian Joe Dempsey beat

Sailor Joe Kelly, ten rounds.
Tony Lyons beat Johnny Summers, ten rounds.
Dave Weber knocked out Joe Fluggio, two rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Tommy Goodwin, six rounds.

23—Boston, Mass.:
Pancho Villa beat Danny Edwards, ten rounds.

23—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Babe Herman knocked out Willie Daney, eighth round.

23—Philadelphia:
Joe Tiplitz knocked out Sid Marks, one round.
Eddie Dempsey beat Willie Herman, eight rounds.
Frankie Macquire beat Vincent Lopez, eight rounds.
Bobby Burman knocked out Leonard Young, four rounds.

23—Providence, R. I.:
Young Montreal and Eddoe O'Dowd, twelve round draw.

23—Worcester, Mass.:
Sailor Byron beat Jimmy Fruzetti, ten rounds.

23—Columbus, O.:
Don Boshwer knocked out Sailor Webb, fourth round.

23—Altoona, Pa.:
Dick Conlon beat Jimmy Duffy, ten rounds.

23—Baltimore:
Benny Schwartz beat Frankie Murray, twelve rounds.

23—Lancaster, Pa.:
Leo Houck beat Lew Schupp, eight rounds.
Eddie Ochs knocked out Judge Rise, three rounds.

23—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Young Wuggins beat Jack Sweetman, eight rounds.
Frankie Mason knocked out Mickey Burns, one round.
Lew Paluso beat Young Coney, eight rounds.
Johnny Inhouse beat Young Tommy Murray, eight rounds.

23—Youngstown, O.:
Carl Tremaine beat Bernie Hahn, twelve rounds.
Johnny Moore beat Trixey Brennan, six rounds.
Jimmy Muche knocked out Johnny Bennett, six rounds.
Young Simms and Cocky Dilla, six round draw.

23—Cincinnati:
Cowboy Padgett beat Billy Ryan, ten rounds.
Joe Anderson knocked out Al Zelney, three rounds.
Kid Howard knocked out Hy Walker, two rounds.
Ray Maher beat Jimmy Cavanaugh, four rounds.

23—Detroit:
Chick Allman beat Jack Larue, ten rounds.
Bert Palmer knocked out Dick Atkins, eight rounds.

23—Troy, N. Y.:
Johnny Leonard beat Red Mack, twelve rounds.
Red Taylor won on a foul from Al McRae, two rounds.

23—New Bedford, Mass.:
Chick Suggs beat Charley Manty, ten rounds.

23—Dayton, O.:
Dave Sandow knocked out Dick Ross, four rounds.

23—Birmingham, Ala.:
Claude Wilson and Jimmy Kratz, ten round draw.

24—Pioneer Sporting Club, N. Y. City:
Lou Bogash beat Pal Reed, twelve rounds.
Frankie Curry beat Pete Red McDonald, ten rounds.
Joe Saviola beat Nuddy Wallace, six rounds.
Bobby Green beat Scotty Williams, six rounds.
LeRoy Powell beat Jimmy Selva, four rounds.

24—San Francisco:
Eddie Goozeman beat Willie Green, four rounds.
Dick Hoppe knocked out Georges Soullis, second round.
Art Emery beat Vic Morrison, four rounds.
Young Friedlander knocked out Sailor Roberts, one round.
Young Carpenter lost to Harry Scott, four rounds.
Kid Siriaxo beat Jake Poole, four rounds.
Tommy Gonzales beat Roy Carterm, four rounds.

25—Modesto, California:
Gene Cline and Wildcat Borba, four round draw.
Roy Renner beat Charlie Frias, four rounds.
Joe Souza beat Jack Parker, four rounds.
Tony Frietos knocked out Tony Cotta, two rounds.

25—San Francisco:
Bert Colima beat Lee Anderson, four rounds.
Frankie Farren and Frankie Burns, four round draw.
Frankie Denny beat Dick Jones, four rounds.
Jimmy Mendo beat Sammy Compagno, four rounds.
Eddie Gorman beat Cap Nelson, four rounds.
Joe Azevedo beat George Lavigne, four rounds.
Harry Baker beat Johnny Dempsey, four rounds.

25—Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Tommy Fay and Pet Lahey, twelve round draw.
Danny Howard knocked out Midget Sully, sixth round.

25—Los Angeles:
Fidel La Barbara beat Joe Cooper, four rounds.
Kid Chile beat Young Joe Rivers, four rounds.

25—San Francisco:
Sailor Earl Force beat Angelo Angelopulos, four rounds.
Eddie Sylvester knocked out Eddie Hynes, second round.
Sailor Ray Todd knocked out Harry Fargo, second round.
Ray Smiley knocked out Henry Faligano, fourth round.
Emilo Stoto knocked out Ray McGlynn, second round.
Happy Carlson beat Canuto Rapio, four rounds.
Frankie Micco and Georgie Stone, four round draw.

26—Scranton, Pa.:
Frankie Schoell beat Paul Doyle, eight rounds.
Jerry Walsh beat Spike Sullivan, six rounds.

26—Lynn, Mass.:
Alex Trambitas beat Harry Silva, ten rounds.

26—Lowell, Mass.:
Johnny Downes beat Joe St. Hiliars, ten rounds.

26—Portland, Ore.:
Joe Gorman beat George Burns, ten rounds.
Ad Macke knocked out Sammy Gordon, eight rounds.

26—Tacoma, Wash.:
Bud Ridley and Mike Balarino, six round draw.

27—Oklahoma City, Okla.:
Johnny Tilman beat Lee Morrisey, twelve rounds.

27—Baker, Ore.:
Tiny Herman knocked out Terry Williams, first round.
Denny O'Dea and Battling Lubbis, six round draw.

27—Des Moines:
Eddie Debeau beat Roscoe Hall, six rounds.

27—Los Angeles:
Jimmy Sacco beat Joe Coffey, four rounds.
Spec Woods beat Jimmy Marcus, four rounds.
Racehorse Roberts beat Leo Mattock, four rounds.

27—San Francisco:
Young Papke and Eddie Diggins, four round draw.
Frankie McCann and Billy Wallace, four round draw.
Roy Sutherland knocked out Ernie Lundgren, third round.
Lamberto Camase and Johnny Burns, four round draw.

27—McKeesport, Pa.:
Johnny King beat Jack Perry, ten rounds.
Eddie Borland beat Young Milligan, six rounds.
Eddie Horlock beat Johnny Russell, four rounds.
Jack Kelly knocked out Vincent Celmars, one round.

27—Detroit:
Sid Barbarian beat Red Merchant, ten rounds.
Harry Raskin knocked out Ted Johnson, four rounds.

27—Philadelphia:
Joe McCabe beat Johnny Donnelly, eight rounds.
Jimmy McGovern beat Jimmy Hanlon, eight rounds.

27—Erie, Pa.:
Dick Conlon and Bobby Reimers, twelve round draw.
Johnny Pepper beat Young Ketchell, ten rounds.
Young Dearco beat Butch Carney, six rounds.

27—New Orleans:
Basil Galiono knocked out Joe Marks, twelve rounds.
Doug Lee beat Al Knowles, ten rounds.

27—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Andy Kid Palmer won on a foul from Panama Joe Gans, sixth round.
Freddie Lock knocked out Jimmy Gardner, one round.
Willie Mack and August Pisano, six rounds.
Patsy Flannigan beat Jack Krouse, six rounds.
Henry Mick knocked out Joe Jackson, one round.

27—Fall River, Mass.:
Irish Johnny Curtin knocked out Harry London, seventh round.

27—Boston:
Gene Tunney beat Chuck Wiggins, ten rounds.

27—Providence, R. I.:
Harry Greb knocked out Larry Williams, four rounds.

28—Commonwealth Sporting Club, N. Y. City:
Terry Martin beat Frankie Jerome, twelve rounds.
Murray Soren and Buck Walters, twelve round draw.
Sammy Vogel knocked out Frankie Barrett, second round.

28—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, N. Y. City:
Terry Miller beat Frankie Coster, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Murphy beat Willie Morris, ten rounds.

28—Ninth Regiment Armory, N. Y. City:
Joe Sperry knocked out Jimmy Collins, fifth round.
Sonny Cashin beat Battling Jevea, ten rounds.
Pete Hayes beat Sammy Abreham, ten rounds.

28—Waterbury, Conn.:
Johnny King knocked out Marty Summers, third round.

30—Braddock:
Johnny Hamm beat Terry McManus, ten rounds.
Billy Murphy beat Jack Resvesto, ten rounds.
Andy Staburn beat Jack Kelly, six rounds.
Eddie Hornfeck knocked out Kale Terry, one round.

30—Mansfield, O.:
Johnny Newton and Billy Hirsch, ten round draw.
Al Dundee knocked out Eddie Darcey, two rounds.
Patsy Riley and Jack Michael, six round draw.
Joe Simmons knocked out Young Snell, two rounds.

30—Cincinnati:
Billy Ryan knocked out Harvey Thorpe, four rounds.
Kid Howard knocked out Jimmy Smith, two rounds.
Tony Carcifero beat Oscar Kopf, six rounds.
Billy Coddington beat K. O Schrosh, four rounds.

30—Atlantic City:
Bobby Wolgast beat Joey Russell, eight rounds.
Willie Allen and Jack Lester disqualified for stalling.
Otis Robinson knocked out Kid Holmes, three rounds.

30—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Terry (Kid) Brown beat Bud Christiano, ten rounds.
Chief Halftown knocked out Benny Ross, two rounds.
Spider Ryan and Kid Vick, four round draw.

30—New Bedford, Mass.:
Charles Manty beat Dick Loadman, ten rounds.

30—Philadelphia:
Pancho Villa beat Patsy Wallace, eight rounds.
Battling Leonard beat Mike Moran eight rounds.
Kid Wolfe beat Nate Carp, eight rounds.

Broadway Exhibition Association, N. Y. City:
Jimmy Kelly beat Soldier Bartfield, twelve rounds.
Lew Kreger beat Casper Marino, four rounds.
Jack Coburn beat Joe Weiner, six rounds.
Frank Sweeney beat Eddie Campi, two rounds.
Jimmy Cancro knocked out Freddie Locke, two rounds.

30—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Billy Murphy and Jack Hausner, twelve-round draw

JOHNNY DUNDEE
130-Pound
American Champion
HOTEL CUMBERLAND
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Jimmy Conney beat Willie Curry, twelve rounds.

30—**Fairmont Sporting Club, N. Y. City.**
Billy DeFoe beat Mickey Brown, twelve rounds.
Carl Duane knocked out Neil Alexander, two rounds.
Bobby Bolin and Joe Dundee, six-round draw.
Joe Grasso knocked out Willie Roberts, six rounds.
Al Diamond knocked out Willie Kaltzer, two rounds.

30—**Kenosha, Wis.:**
Sammy Mendall beat Jack Wolfe, ten rounds.

30—**Freeport Sporting Club, Long Island:**
Tibby Watson beat Jackie Harris, twelve rounds.

30—**New Orleans:**
Young Denny knocked out K. O. Loughlin, twelve rounds.

30—**Columbus, O.:**
Pete Zivic beat Phil O'Dowd, ten rounds.

20—**Bridgeport, Conn.:**
Lou Bogash beat Young Fisher, twelve rounds.

30—**Holyoke, Mass.:**
Lew Hurley knocked out Barney McIntee, third round.

30—**Reading, Pa.:**
Johnny Leonard beat Young Weyman, ten rounds.

30—**Troy, N. Y.:**
Archie Walker knocked out George Brown, six rounds.

30—**Trenton, N. J.:**
Mike Arra beat Mickey Mooney, twelve rounds.
Harry Simmons knocked out Sailor Ackerman, fourth round.
Johnny Lamar beat Jimmy Brady, four rounds.
Jimmy Fitten knocked out Joe Delmont, one round.

31—**Boston, Mass.:**
Mickey Travers beat Chick Suggs, 10 rounds.

31—**Montreal, Canada:**
Johnny Rose beat Mickey Delmont, 10 rounds.
Henry Ford beat Gene Demes, 10 rounds.
Bert Schneider beat Jack Thomas, 10 rounds.

31—**Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:**
Floyd Johnson knocked out Joe Vidas, two rounds.
Jack Douglass beat Eddie Josephs, 10 rounds.
Silent Puryear beat Jose De Costa, 10 rounds.
Jack Ridge beat Jerry Kenny, six rounds.
Jack Tilyou knocked out Young Mack, four rounds.

31—**Akron, O.:**
Willie Ames beat Phil Logan, 12 rounds.
Willie Devore and Cyclone Villa, 12-round draw.

31—**Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:**
Kid Rash knocked out Joe Melito, second round.
Terry Martin knocked out Willie Clarkson, fifth round.

31—**Paterson, N. J.:**
Spencer Gardner beat Charlie Traino, twelve rounds.

31—**Portland, Me.:**
Earl Baird knocked out Johnny Brown, seventh round.

NOVEMBER

1—**Madison Square Garden, New York City.**
Mickey Walker beat Jack Britton, fifteen rounds.
Sailor Friedman knocked out Eddie Fitsimmons, sixth round.
Andy O'Boyle beat Farmer Sullivan, six rounds.
Jimmy Goodrich beat Red Cap Wilson, six rounds.
Johnny Gannon and Billy Mascott, four-round draw.

1—**Forty - Seventh Regiment Armory, New York City:**
Joe Glick knocked out Kid Bacon, four rounds.
Ruby Stein beat Young Eppy, ten rounds.

1—**Terre Haute, Ind.:**
Bud Taylor beat Battling Chenk, ten rounds.

3—**Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:**
Gene Tunney knocked out Jack Hanlon, one round.
Al McRae and Happy Mahoney, twelve round draw.

3—**New Orleans, La.:**
Joe Natranga knocked out Stanley Meeghan, five rounds.
Ashton Donza and Bill Kennedy, ten round draw.
Delos Walker beat Charley Teraci, six rounds.

3—**Salem, Mass.:**
Mike Castle won on a foul from Chick Suggs, six rds.

3—**Boston, Mass.:**
Tommy Ryan beat Billy Marlowe, ten rounds.
Charley Baxter beat George Vanderbilt, eight rounds.
Johnny Sunday knocked out Patsy Kline, seven rounds.

3—**Philadelphia, Pa.:**
Preston Brown beat Willie St. Clair, eight rounds.
Johnny Howard knocked out Duke Avary, three rounds.
Joe Leitz beat Sammy Blacksiton, six rounds.
George Russell knocked out Young Mulligan, six rounds.

3—**Erie, Pa.:**
Benny Valgar beat Teddy Myers, 12 rounds.
Tommy Wilson and Phil Murray, six round draw.

3—**Syracuse, N. Y.:**
Mixer Mitchell beat Pep O'Brien, 10 rounds.

3—**Milwaukee, Wis.:**
Lew Tendler beat Johnny Mendelsohn, 10 rounds.
Navy Rostan and Johnny Nuss, eight round draw.

3—**Victory Hall, Jersey City:**
Johnny Curtin beat Frankie Fay, twelve rounds.

3—**Hamilton, Ont.:**
Bobby Eber beat Johnny Ertle, ten rounds.

3—**U. S. S. Commodore, Chicago:**
Harold Smith beat Johnny Sheppard, ten rounds.

1—**Portland, Ore.:**
Jimmy Darcey and Tom King, ten rounds, draw.
Battling Ortega knocked out Eddie Richards, second round.
Johnny Trambitas knocked out Jack Dalton, fourth round.

1—**San Francisco, Cal.:**
Sailor Earl Force beat Jack Ray, four rounds.
Eddie Sylvester beat Kid Ray, four rounds.

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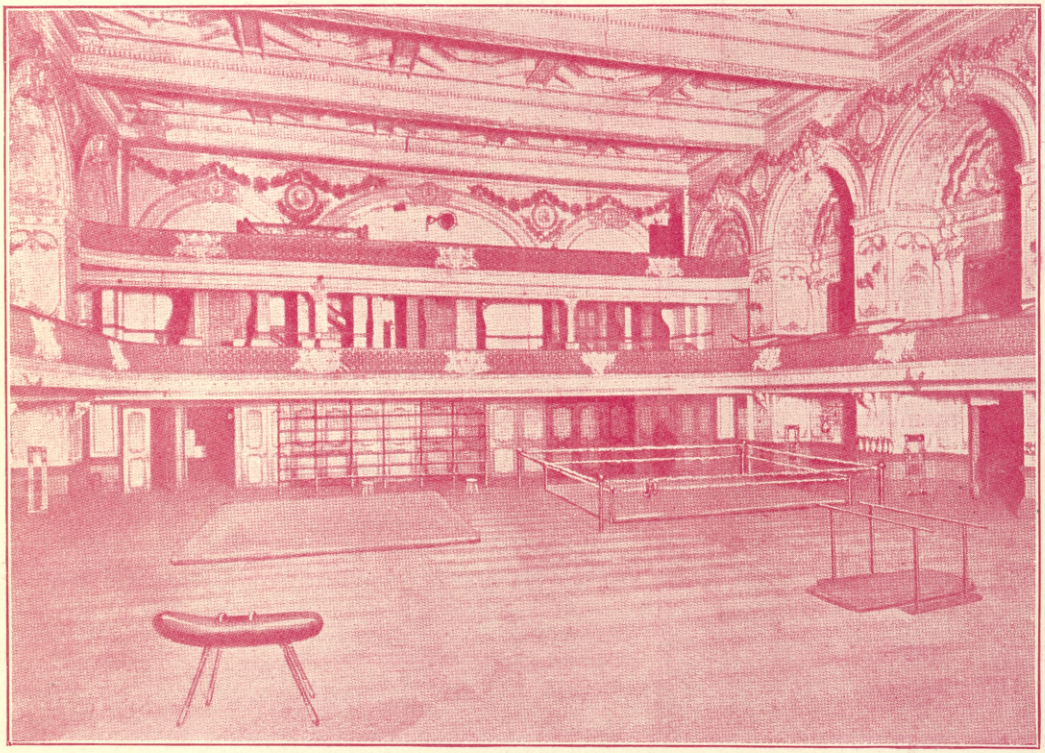

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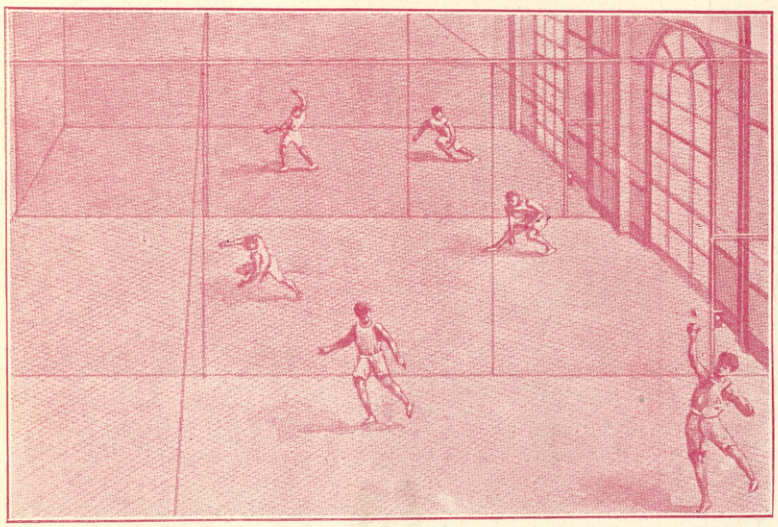

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